

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

UNSEEN HANDS IN CHARGE OF SHIPS

APPALLING SIGHT IN THE CLOUDS

SHIP BIGGER THAN A CATHEDRAL CRASHES

The Pride of the Air Falls
Burning to the Sea

LIKE ANOTHER TITANIC

Here is a tragic tale as sad as anything that Shakespeare ever thought of.

Years ago the greatest ocean vessel ever built sank to the bottom of the sea as she was making for America on her first voyage. Now the greatest aerial vessel ever built lies a bitter wreck, falling on fire from the clouds as she was preparing to go to America.

It had been resolved not to build any more British Government airships, and the biggest we had in hand was to be sold to the American Navy. Now the last chapter in the history of these airships has been written in fire and tears. The splendid R38, queen of all our aerial cities, is a molten wreck, and 44 of the 49 gallant officers and men who drove her on her last journey to the clouds are dead.

Great Ship's Last Day

She was called the Dreadnought of the skies, for she could carry batteries of guns. She was 695 feet long, and had as her lifting power two and three-quarter million cubic feet of hydrogen, with six 350 horse-power engines as her driving force. She bore a burden of 83 tons, and had a cruising range of 6500 miles, enough to take her to Japan without renewing supplies. Built for the Government, she was the pride of the British Air Force.

She left Howden in Yorkshire early one morning, flew all that day, was compelled by storms to stay out all night, continued her flight the next day until 5.30 in the afternoon, making tests.

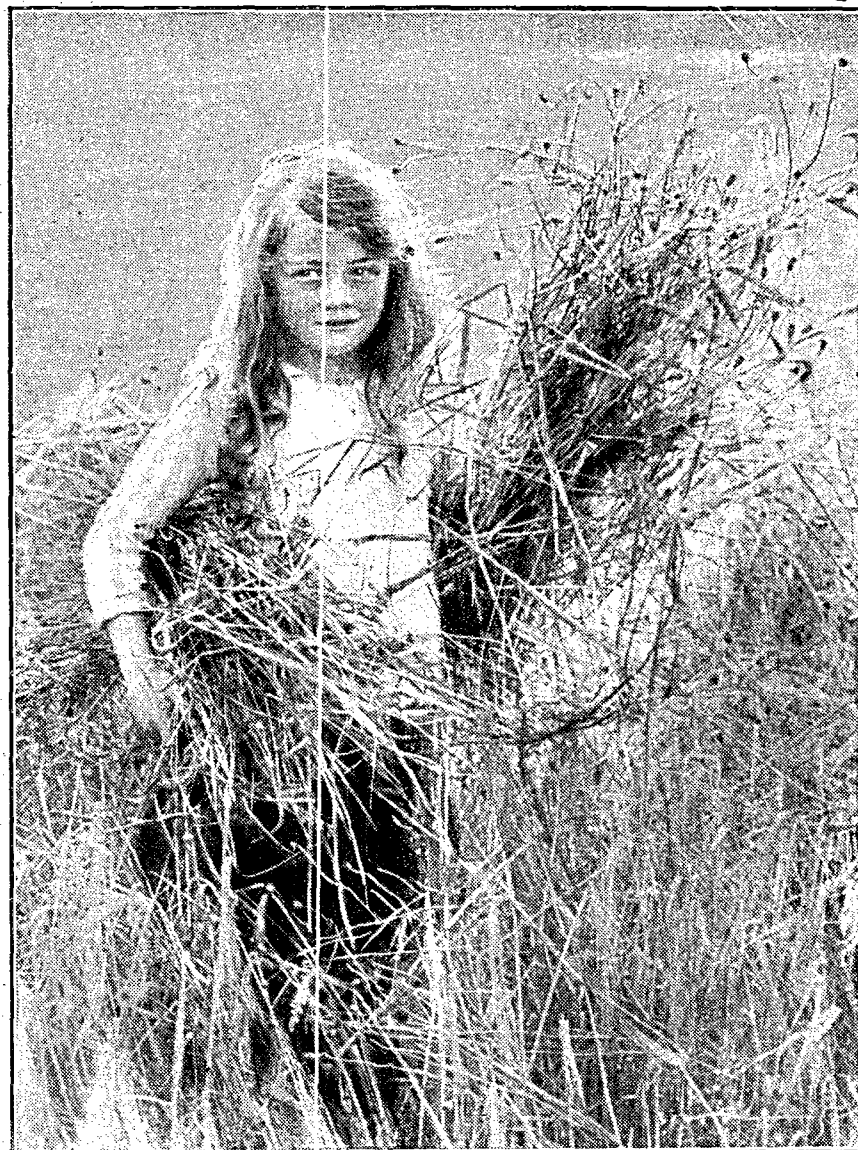
At the crucial hour she was over Hull and the Humber, and thousands of people on land, and scores of people on ships, suddenly saw her begin to warp, then break her back in the middle.

What a Multitude Saw

She had tried one test too much. Some of her long beams of light metal snapped under the strain. The petrol-tanks burst and their contents caught fire; the flames spread to hydrogen escaping from the torn envelopes, and there were two fearful explosions, shattering hundreds of windows in the streets of Hull, throwing people down and making the river rock and ships heel over.

The horrified multitudes looking up from the earth saw a monstrous fire descending toward them from the sky. A gigantic wreck, longer than the nearest cathedral, dropped like a titanic bird from the clouds, and the whole town seemed menaced by fire, by blazing gas, and burning petrol. Happily, the tragedy fell short of that, for the burning ship fell into the Humber, carrying with it

Gather the Harvest While Ye May



Nature keeps her promise once again—The golden harvest that never fails

most of the brave souls on board. Five escaped alive. Others were blown to pieces, some were suffocated with merciful speed, some managed to get out parachutes and glide down, but they fell into the water and were drowned. Most dismal, most terrible, most heartrending it all was.

The whole of this pitiful accident was inevitable because the great craft proved not strong enough for her task, but the explosion which followed the accident need never have occurred. Had we wasted less money in other directions on wanton national extravagances we might have had the perfectly safe helium gas, and not hydrogen, the most inflammable of all gases, in the balloons of the R38, and there might have been a chance of escape for many of its crew.

As it is, there is no redeeming compensation in the loss except the thrilling knowledge that every man who died sets us an example of unselfish heroism.

Some of the best of our airship men have perished in this great disaster. Air-Commodore Maitland was a knightly figure, consecrated to his task as a Crusader of old to his mission. Like Major Pritchard, his comrade in disaster, he

was of the company that flew the R34 to America and back in 1919, before she was battered to pieces by a gale.

With her and the R38 and these splendid men who have perished end our day-dreams of airships for the time being. These gigantic aerial vessels are more picturesque than useful, and have probably no great future. In any case, they must wait till we can fill them with helium, that will not burn, instead of this fiery hydrogen; if only we can get a Government as enthusiastic for science as most governments are for war devices we can soon stop tragedies like this. We have had 20 years of airships, but we have not reached as far as the poet's vision when he

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight
Dropping down with costly bales.

So far it is the ships themselves that have dropped costly down. We had to sell the R38 because we could not afford to sail her, and America was to have paid us £500,000. Now she is gone, gone like another Titanic. It is a bitter ending of a desperate chapter in the conquest of the skies.

Pictures on page 7

MAN WHO BURIED JESUS

WAS HE IN ENGLAND?

Old Legend Brought to Mind
by a New Discovery

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

There is an old legend, fondly cherished to this day, that Joseph of Arimathea, who buried Jesus, came afterwards to England and built the first Christian church. The traditional site of that church has been found at Glastonbury.

If the legend could be verified this discovery would be one of the most enthralling in the history of sacred relics. All we are told is that an excavation to the north of the existing Lady Chapel has been begun, and that the base of the pillar supposed to mark the position of the church of Joseph of Arimathea has been revealed. If we can accept the story then here is the work of a man who saw Jesus. But can we?

Fine Human Figure

Joseph of Arimathea was a fine human figure, lacking the joyous conviction of Peter, but touched, perhaps, a little with the vehement courage that finally sustained that wayward hero. When he first met Christ Joseph seems to have been a member of the Jewish Great Council, or Sanhedrin, and we are told that he dissented from the counsel of his colleagues in conspiring to bring about the death of Jesus. But, failing in valour, he raised no public protest.

He shrank through fear from openly avowing himself a disciple of Christ, but when the great tragedy of Calvary was over he banished his terrors and went boldly to Pilate and "craved the body." Joseph had a garden near the place of the Crucifixion, and here, wrapped in linen which Joseph had bought, the body of the Saviour of Mankind was laid.

The Legend

So far Joseph of Arimathea is a clear figure, but tradition takes up the narrative where history ends, and we are told that Joseph became one of the 70 disciples, that in the year 63 he was sent by St. Philip to Britain, and that he settled with other disciples at Glastonbury and built a church.

The beautiful legend teems with improbabilities. It is highly unlikely that if the disciples ever heard of Britain they would send so old a man as Joseph to a savage island in an unknown sea.

The story is that Joseph erected a little church of wattle, that St. Patrick founded a monastery on its site 400 years later, and that in 612 Joseph's Chapel was enclosed in wood and lead by Paulinus, Archbishop of York. But these old chronicles are not acceptable to the historian. The old monks would often forge a document to give it the appearance of antiquity and sacredness, and the legend of Arimathea must, we fear, belong to fancy and not to fact.

NEW NAMES ON THE MAP

CHANGES IN TANGANYIKA
Labels of Prussianism Go From East Africa

WHERE IS TUKUYU?

Nearly all the names on the map of old German East Africa have been changed within the past month or two. German East Africa is now Tanganyika Territory, but what is Wilhelmstal? what is Bismarcksborg? what is Langenburg? All the old German names have been abolished and native names substituted, so that every map of East Africa is out of date.

Teachers and scholars may welcome an opportunity of bringing their charts up to date in this matter, so we append a list giving the old name and the new:

Wilhelmstal District . . .	Usambara District
Wilhelmstal Town . . .	Lushoto
Bismarcksborg District . . .	Ufipa
Bismarcksborg Port . . .	Kasanga
Langenburg District . . .	Rungwe
New Langenburg Town . . .	Tukuyu
Wiedhafen . . .	Manda

The bestowal of these names is simply part of the regular British practice of adopting the native name of a newly-discovered area and fixing it on the map. Of course, such names have at the time no written form; the explorer has to get the name by ear and spell the word as it sounds. The Royal Geographical Society has a code by which the sound of native words can be reduced to spelling, and this is the guide which directs the explorer in naming places.

Some Australian Names

Occasions arise at times, however, when wider terms than mere tribal titles must be employed, and then British names are used, commemorating persons or places at home, recording the characteristics of the place, or even registering the emotions of the explorer. But throughout British dominions native names are mainly employed for permanent use wherever possible. The names in the foregoing list are a good example of native African titles; we find evidence of the native tongue in Australian names, such as Toowoomba, Tibooburra, Murrumbidgee; and in New Zealand, where every native name begins or ends with a vowel, as, for example, Takaka, Motueka, Hokitika, Kumara, Orepuki, Wanganui, Waitara, Hawera, and so forth.

All these native names on the map are a tribute to British methods. The German went out as a conqueror, imposing laws and customs and leaving the native places not even their ancient titles; now the map is to preserve reputable manners and customs and the native old-time names.

TOY BALLOON'S RIDE

Home from Norway

A novel balloon competition was held at a holiday fête at Old Hill, Staffordshire. A hundred miniature balloons were liberated, each about the size of a football, filled with gas, and bearing a postcard requesting the finder to return it to Old Hill.

Some were returned from Scotland, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Rutland, and Leicestershire; but the prize went to the owner of a balloon which reached Norway, and was returned three weeks after being liberated, with a label bearing the names: "Andersén Midbro, Norde Egero, Egersund."

QUEER STREET SCENE

Manhole Cover Jumps 20 Feet

A hundred people have been injured more or less seriously by eight explosions in the streets of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The explosions are believed to have been caused by short circuits in a power cable, which caused a spark to ignite sewer gas collected in a manhole. The first explosion blew the iron cover of the manhole 20 feet into the air.

A RAFT ADVENTURE

Mother's Tribute to a Hero
LINCOLN BOY SAVES THREE LIVES

The daily papers have had an account of how Freddie Hallam of Lincoln, aged 12, saved from drowning Cecil Steel aged 10, Harold Steel aged 7, and Cecil Hallam, his own brother, aged 10.

Mrs. Steel, mother of two of the laddies, writes to us and tells the story from a mother's point of view. She thinks Fred's bravery deserves some reward, and so will all who hear what happened.

My two little boys (she says) took their tea and went for the afternoon four miles away from home with Freddie Hallam and his brother. When they found an old rotten raft on some water they call the ballast pits they must all, of course, boy-like go on it.

The raft capsized where the water was about ten feet deep. My little boy went down once, and Fred's brother twice. Fred went for my little boy first, seeing his light hair on the water. When he had pulled him out he went again for his brother, then sinking for the third time.

My other boy Cecil was holding on to the raft till he could not hold any longer, and then Freddie helped him out also. The young lady who brought them home said they would certainly all have been drowned but for Freddie.

When we asked the small boy what it was like under the water he said he dreamed and saw bubbles.

QUEER SHOWERS

Do Frogs Fall from the Sky?
WHAT IT IS THAT HAPPENS

The ridiculous stories of frogs coming from the clouds during rain have again appeared in some of the grown-up newspapers, but, of course, they all are nonsense, for such a thing could not happen.

According to the latest report large numbers of tiny frogs appeared in the gutters and roadways during a heavy rainstorm in a suburb of North London. "So plentiful were these frogs that it was difficult in some parts to walk without treading on them."

There are two explanations which may account for their appearance. It is possible that the frogs never fell at all, but that they were living in the drains and were washed out or hopped out when disturbed by the sudden rush of water; or, as is more likely, a whirlwind may have sucked up a number of these tiny frogs from the brooks and ditches where they abound, as a whirlwind in the desert sucks up the sand. The frogs would be carried by the force of the wind for some distance, and when this force abated would fall with the rain and appear to be coming from the clouds.

Such strange showers are by no means uncommon, especially in countries like India, where whirlwinds are frequent. But even in Britain there are many similar records. The creatures that fall are not always frogs. Sometimes they are insects; and occasionally fish.

Just over two years ago an extraordinary shower of herrings fell at Tobermory, in Scotland. There was a waterspout over the Sound of Mull, and when this burst upon the land the fish fell in large numbers. The gulls soon discovered the fish, and they and the cats had a fine and unexpected feast.

THE P.O. GOES SLOW

Wonderful is the Post Office. A correspondent who lives one mile outside Oxford writes that letters written in Dorset on Friday are delivered to him on Monday. We are afraid it is a common experience nowadays.

KDKF

Doctor's Advice Through Space

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT
OF WIRELESS AT SEA

By a Wireless Expert

On more than one occasion lately a ship has sent out a wireless message asking for the advice of a doctor, and some large ship carrying a surgeon has flashed back directions for setting a broken limb or treating a patient dangerously ill.

Can anyone be more utterly forlorn than a sick sailor on a ship in mid-ocean, with nobody to understand his sufferings or to know how to alleviate them? But news now comes of a special wireless station where medical advice can be sought by a ship a thousand miles from land, and it will mean a feeling of comfort and security for tens of thousands of seafaring men. The Seaman's Church Institute of New York has established a wireless medical station which will send out advice to any ship, no matter what its nationality may be; and if the ship be out of range owing to its having only a small wireless apparatus, the message will be sent on from one ship to another.

The ship seeking advice has only to send out the call KDKF; it may be an urgent message, asking how to set a broken limb, or it may be a request from hour to hour or from day to day for information in order to nurse a man through some severe illness.

In order to make the service of real value an old law has been enforced which requires every ship to carry a medicine chest and a first-aid equipment, so that the advice sent from the medical station can be carried out.

Such a wonderful plan for healing by wireless will doubtless be followed by other countries, so that, as Dr. Wilson, the medical director of the Institute, believes, every seaman will be able to receive without delay at least the sort of treatment and nursing that the mother of a family in an isolated country spot would be able to give.

CONQUERING DISTANCE

All the Empire to Talk Together

The greatest empire in the world will before long be linked up by wireless.

An Imperial wireless chain is being established; and from a hilltop station at Leafield, in Oxfordshire, the Postmaster-General sent a message of greeting the other day to all wireless stations within reach. Messages acknowledging the greeting were at once flashed back from many countries.

But the chief object of the Leafield station is to keep in touch with Cairo, where the second station of the great British chain will shortly be completed. After that will come East and South Africa, India, Singapore, Australia, and Hong Kong. The range of the English station is about 3000 miles.

Within the next year or two the whole British Empire will be able to exchange conversations by wireless telegraph or telephone, and the enormous distances between countries lying thousands of miles apart will become as nothing.

FARMER'S FRIEND

Labourer Without Wages

Shropshire has set an example which other counties would do well to follow: it has issued a protection order for owls, with the result that these birds have multiplied exceedingly, particularly the type known as little owls.

They are rendering inestimable service to the farmers, who in many cases are just beginning to realise that the owl is one of their best friends, living on vermin which damage crops and haystacks.

A surprising amount of ignorance exists with regard to owls, and often the bird is viciously persecuted when it should be encouraged to multiply.

BIG CITIES LOSE THEIR PLACE

WHAT THE CENSUS SHOWS
Smallest Increase of Population Ever Known

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

Two interesting points come out of the census figures—one that the increase in population is the smallest ever known since the census was taken; the other that several of our great cities have changed their places in the population list of the United Kingdom.

The counting of the people is now completed for Great Britain, though not for Ireland, where the census has yet to be taken. The population of England is shown to be 35,678,530, that of Wales 2,206,712, and that of Scotland 4,882,288, so that the total for the three countries appears to be 42,767,530. This shows an increase of 1,936,134 since the last census was taken in 1911, and we have now the largest population that these islands have ever known.

But there has been a striking decrease in the rate of growth. Between 1901 and 1911 the population grew by nearly four millions, so that our latest rate of increase is the lowest on record. The war slew the men who should have been the fathers of children for four years, and young women who should have been wives and mothers are left without husbands, so that today women outnumber our men by nearly two millions.

Greater London

Greater London has still the largest population of any city in the world, with 7,476,168. That is an increase of little more than three per cent., which has been unfavourably contrasted with increases of from 60 to 100 per cent. at some seaside places. But there is no real mystery in this.

The census should have been taken in April, before the holiday season began; but it had to be deferred owing to the coal strike. When the actual count was made in June, therefore, many people had reached the seaside for their holidays.

Before the census Liverpool and Manchester were supposed to be next to London in population among English cities, but both have now lost their pre-eminence, for Birmingham soars above them with 919,438 people. Liverpool has 803,000 and Manchester 730,000, ranking third and fourth in our list of cities. Sheffield has displaced Leeds as the chief city of Yorkshire.

It is interesting to know that Glasgow still maintains her proud position as the second city of the Empire.

A NOTE FROM NEW ZEALAND

C.N. in the Schools

A New Zealand teacher encloses, with an interesting letter, inquiries by two of her scholars about the cause of the southern lights, which are often conspicuous there in the evening sky.

One of the inquirers is a Maori boy. The other describes the lights as covering the sky with a bright red, streaked with green and yellow, and white.

The modern explanation of the aurora australis, like that of the northern lights, is that they are due to electrons thrown out by the sun, and attracted to the North and South Poles.

The teacher, who gives a most appreciative account of the Maoris, says: "We have eliminated the school readers and replaced them by the C.N.; and My Magazine is also read. The inspectors agree that as educators and character builders your publications have no equal; and the children love them."

DOCTOR SUN

HOW HE CURES HIS PATIENTS IN THE HILLS

The Little Outdoor Village of Brown People

FIGHTING THE MICROBE OF CONSUMPTION

By a Correspondent in Switzerland

If the sun should be shining in Switzerland at this moment, as it probably is, a stranger walking through the winding streets of Leysin, a village in the Vaudois Alps, may see a curious sight.

Almost every house is equipped with broad balconies, alive with people as brown as Red Indians. Most of these are children, and the boys who occupy the lower balconies wear nothing but a bathing costume round the loins.

Even in winter with three feet of snow under foot and the thermometer round the corner registering many degrees of frost in the shade, the almost naked occupants of the balconies seem perfectly happy in the rays of the sun; and outside the village more children may actually be seen tobogganing and skiing on the snowy slopes, clad in the same scanty costumes.

Life in the Open Air

What are they doing? They are taking "sun cure" for tuberculosis.

This disease, as we know, is most frequently found in the lungs, in which case it is known as phthisis, or consumption. When it attacks other parts of the body it is known as surgical tuberculosis. In children it attacks especially the bones and glands. Hip disease and curvature of the spine are common forms.

Eighteen years ago a Swiss doctor named Rollier, dissatisfied with the prevailing methods of dealing with surgical tuberculosis, decided to try a new treatment. For some time previously excellent results had been obtained in the treatment of lung patients by a course of open-air life and rest in the rarefied atmosphere of the Swiss mountains, and Dr. Rollier determined to apply a similar treatment to surgical tuberculosis.

Knowledge Lost and Recovered

The curative properties of the sun's rays were known to the Greeks and Romans, but this knowledge seems to have been completely lost in the Middle Ages. In the nineteenth century the sun cure began to be revived for various diseases, but Dr. Rollier claims to be the first to apply it in the treatment of all forms of tuberculosis.

He chose Leysin, a place already famous for the cure of lung trouble, and began with a few patients in a small nursing-home. Now he has under his control 37 different institutions, ranging from palatial sanatoria to modest boarding-houses, with over 1200 beds in all.

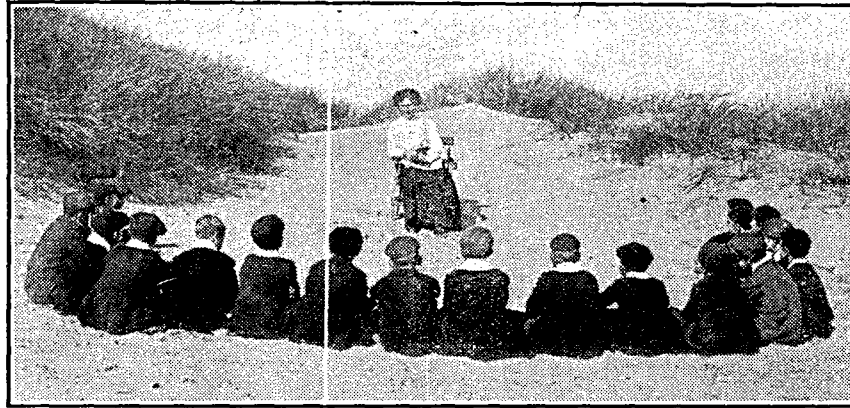
Nature's Open Book

It has been found that the sun's rays are not only most potent in destroying the tubercle bacillus, but they have, also, a peculiarly beneficial effect on the circulation of the blood, on the development of the muscles, and on the general health. Exposure to the sun's rays is very gradual, beginning with a few minutes a day.

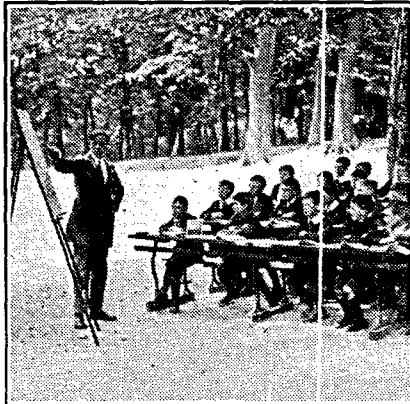
So many of his patients being children Dr. Rollier is naturally much interested in education, and his views largely correspond with those of the Editor of the C.N. He believes that children can learn more from the great book of Nature than from text-books. He specially dislikes children being kept sitting for long hours in stuffy classrooms, a system which he regards as a fruitful source of lung and spinal trouble.

Whenever possible he would have children taught in the open air and moving about. Near Leysin he has started a school for weakly children.

AT SCHOOL IN THE SUNSHINE



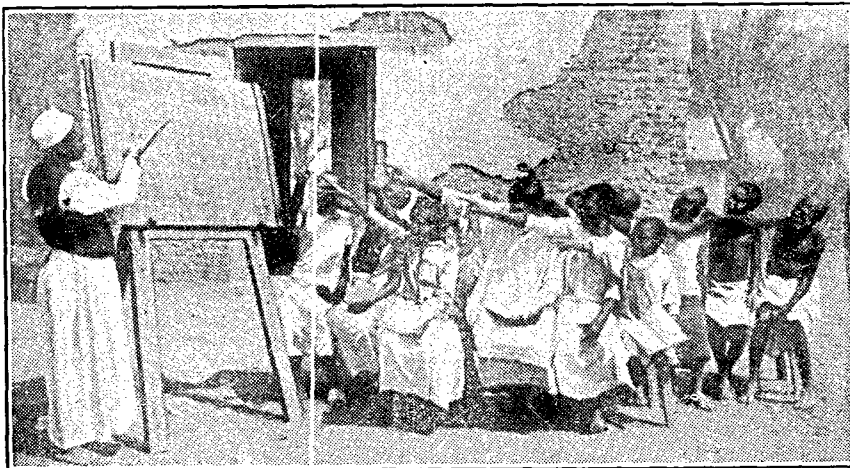
A lesson on the sand-hills at Mablethorpe, in Lincolnshire



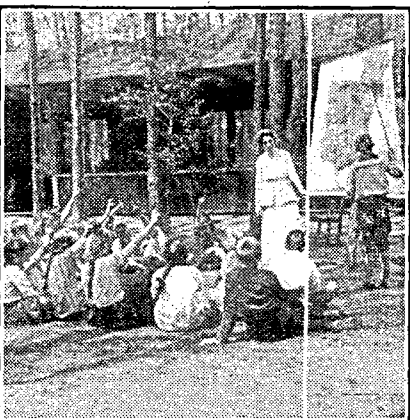
A boys' class on Southborough Common



A junior class in Kensington Gardens, London



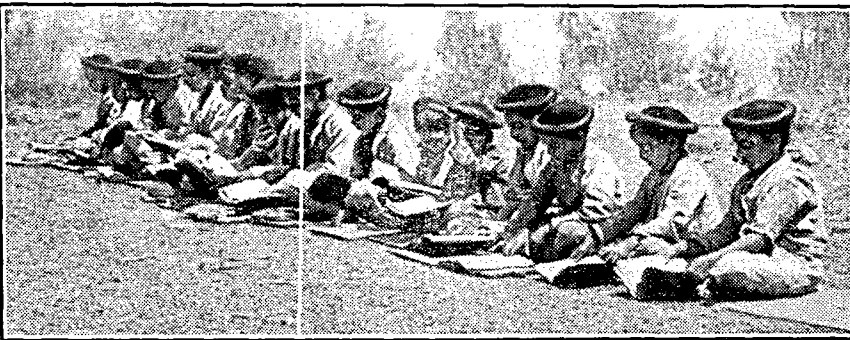
An arithmetic lesson in East Africa



A geography lesson in a Berlin playground



A nature lesson in Kew Gardens



An open-air class of boys in the Himalayas

The value of living in the open air is being more and more recognised, and all over the world when the weather is favourable school children now receive their lessons outside the school buildings, as shown in these pictures

MONEY MADNESS

A PRICE LIST FROM PETROGRAD

Workmen Who are Poor with £1000 a Week

SAD PLIGHT OF A ONCE PROUD CITY

Some people talk as though high wages must necessarily mean increased comfort and greater happiness. Such is far from being the case, however.

The important thing is not that workers should be paid high wages, but that there should be a satisfactory relation between the wages they receive and the prices charged for goods.

Russia at present is a tragic example of this. It was recently stated that workmen there had been receiving wages of 40,000 roubles a month, which means about £4000 in the nominal value of our money, and we might suppose that such wage-earners were very well off.

£3000 for a Rabbit

But this wage has no relation to purchasing power, and is merely paid by the simple process of printing paper notes and giving the workers anything they care to ask for. If they want more money the authorities print more notes, but the notes represent neither gold, silver, nor goods of any kind. The writer has a Russian note for £1000 of English money which is not worth a shilling.

The real value of such wages is shown by the prices at which food, clothing, and other goods can be bought, and a Berlin newspaper has just published a table of prices in Petrograd, the once flourishing capital of a mighty and prosperous empire, but now a city of despair, which makes us rub our eyes to see if we are dreaming.

British housewives who complain about prices in England should study the price list from Petrograd:

Butter, 22,000 roubles, or £2200, a pound
Eggs, 2000 roubles, or about £200, each
Meat, 8000 roubles, about £800, a pound
Rabbits, 30,000 roubles, or £3000, each
Fowls, 25,000 roubles, £2500, each
Potatoes, 1200 roubles, or £120, a pound
Stockings, 30,000 roubles, or £3000, a pair
Shoes, 60,000 roubles, or £6000, a pair
Hairpins, 700 roubles, or about £70, each

At such prices a wage or salary of £50,000 a year is hardly enough to buy food for a family for one day.

No Buying and Selling

Of course in such conditions wage-earning and trading, including buying and selling of all kinds, have practically come to an end. No work of any kind, we are told, is being done in Petrograd, and people are kept alive by rations served out at the rate of one pound of bread daily, with a quarter of a pound of sugar a month, and an occasional morsel of dried fish and salt.

Such a state of things may well give pause to those in other countries who think that violent revolution can bring prosperity and happiness, and who would bring about social and political changes by rapid action instead of by the slow and sure processes of constitutional reform.

POULTRY-RUN IDEA

The Birds that Lay the Eggs

Owners of fowls know how difficult it is sometimes to distinguish between the birds that lay well and those that do not.

The newest method is to have nesting-boxes suspended under a pail of liquid. When the fowl enters the nest her weight causes a valve to open, through which some of the liquid in the pail falls on to her back. The liquid is of some colour that will show up on the bird's feathers, so that the owner can tell his laying hens at a glance.

OIL ON TROUBLED SANDS

A New Idea HOW THE ENGINEERS WON A BATTLE WITH NATURE

We have all heard of the benefits of pouring oil on troubled waters, but using oil on troubled sands is not so familiar. Yet this is being done in America now.

Near the mouth of the Columbia River are huge sand-dunes formed of the sand and silt washed down by the flooded river each spring. In the summer months these dunes are left high and dry, and the sand is carried about by the wind, which almost continuously blows upstream; and consequently the construction of a new highway between Pendleton, in Eastern Oregon, and the mouth of the river was much hampered, the work often being covered in sand to a depth of several inches.

So the engineers in charge of the construction works had to think of a way out of the difficulty, and spraying the sand-hills with oil was decided on. The oil is heated by steam and is forced in the form of a spray through a nozzle to a distance of over a hundred feet.

This has been done for a considerable distance on each side of the new roadway and has been found most effective, the actual work of construction being carried on unhampered by sand.

ALLIGATORS AND THE GOLF BALLS A Good Story

A certain hotel in New York State had its own golf course. It also had a lake. The people of the neighbourhood used the lake for bathing, and the golfers having dinner on the hotel terrace objected to the noise the bathers made. They complained to the manager, who sent for two alligators from Florida, which he let loose in the lake to keep the bathers away.

After this the golfers had the place to themselves—but not for very long. The alligators found the lake too small for them and came out on the golf course. They did not attack the players, but contented themselves with snapping up their golf balls!

Now the bathers are kept out of the lake and the alligators are fenced in. The bathers have not got their lake back, but a good laugh is as good as a bathe.

RUBBISH-HEAP OF MOTOR CARS Extraordinary Story

A remarkable story comes from a suburb of Chicago, where the police are said to have discovered in an old quarry half full of water an enormous heap of wrecked motor-cars.

The sight of a motor-car hood rising out of the water aroused the attention of a policeman, and divers into the water have reported that there are "tier upon tier" of cars submerged in the quarry. Already thirty have been recovered.

The only solution of the mystery that has yet been thought of is a rather unpleasant one. It is suggested that the motor-cars have been run over from the top of the cliff by owners anxious to collect the insurance money. Several licence-plates have been traced to their owners, who are being asked to explain.

WOODEN SHIPS GO A War Scheme That Failed

The United States has just sold two hundred of its old wooden ships. They cost from £60,000 to about £200,000 each, and have now been sold for £420 each.

These wooden ships were first built to fight the submarine campaign during the war. They could be built in thirty days, and it seemed an admirable idea, arousing great enthusiasm. The scheme was not a success, however, and enormous sums of money have been lost.

TREASURE HID FROM CROMWELL'S MEN

BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY THE GREAT WAR GUNS

Remarkable Story from a
Village in Kent

ANCIENT FONT REVEALED

Two centuries and a half ago the good people of a Kent village hid their beautiful and ancient font lest Cromwell's soldiers should destroy it. It now transpires that the soldiers of the Great War brought the font to light again! "Enough to shake the place down," people in Kent used to say as their houses trembled under the shock of the guns roaring in Flanders. And something did actually shake down.

It was in the ancient church at Lower Halstow, near Sittingbourne, in Kent. Pieces of the old font began to crumble. Nobody suspected that the font was not what it appeared to be, solid stone, but the cracking and the crumbling set up by the guns of war have at last been followed by an examination in the piping times of peace, with a pleasantly surprising result.

The exterior of the font proves to have been a deceit. It was only a plaster covering of a precious interior. Under it there proves to have been all this time a magnificent example of the work of 800 years ago. There is a leaden font of fine design in perfect preservation.

It is believed that during the Civil War of the 17th century the font was plastered over by pious hands lest it should be destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell. Hating anything which seemed to them to suggest religious



The 800-year-old font of Lower Halstow Church

superstition and Roman Catholic decoration in our churches, these great but bigoted soldiers did much harm to art in this country, and we may all be glad that this noble font was saved from them.

It comes to light none the worse for its long seclusion, to recall those old, unhappy, far-off days, and carry the mind still farther back to times when lovely work like this was general on the Continent and shipped across the seas to us for churches standing on the banks of navigable rivers.

Time brings wondrous things to light. Old Hasted, the Kent historian, visited St. Margaret's Church nearly a century and a half ago, and "found nothing remarkable in it;" the other day it was visited by the Kent Archaeological Society, which congratulated the Rector on unearthing such a priceless treasure as this font. How pleased old Hasted would have been to know what was under the plaster when he called!

VILLAGES HELP HOSPITALS

George Oswald Edwards, aged 10, and Lilian Salkeld, aged 16, both of Manchester, have helped the Staffordshire hospitals by walking 33 miles, from Manchester to Kidsgrove, taking collections at all the villages.

DOG THAT FOUND THE TRAIN

Pedro of Gravesend

A RACE ON THE RAILWAY

A touching story of the faithfulness of a dog comes from a C.N. friend in Dartford, whose daughter married and went to live in Gravesend. They had a dog named Pedro, bought from the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea. Well was he worth saving!

Pedro lived at Dartford before his mistress married, and in holiday time this year he was taken back from Gravesend to his old home. There he would have been quite contented had his master and mistress been with him, but in their absence he could not settle down, and for a week was obviously uneasy and distressed. He made a search in every house he knew, and at last poor Pedro made up his mind to go to Gravesend.

He went to Dartford Station, found the right platform, and tried to get into the right train, and, when he was prevented by the porters, he ran down the line and chased the train as far as he could run, and then came back, a mournful and dejected dog.

When the holidays were over, and Pedro found his friends, the reunion was pathetic to see.

Picture on page 12

ALL EUROPE AS A SCHOOLROOM

A Teacher and His Wireless

Time was when the world of a country child consisted of its own neighbourhood, and even now there are many children who have never been in a train for any great distance.

But even if there are many such in the Sussex village of Grayswood, the children there live in the wide, wide world.

One of the teachers at the village school happening to have a private wireless set, several of his pupils became so interested that he decided to teach them all he could about wireless. By the second term they were proficient enough to receive messages.

Now the boys and girls of this quiet village regularly receive messages from all over Europe, including weather reports, and the school clocks are set daily to agree with the time signals from the Eiffel Tower. Many are the town boys and girls who will envy them!

With wireless and the cinema in our schools we shall all want to be Peter Pans.

HAPPY THOUGHT

Great Vine for St. Dunstan's

Londoners have good reason to be proud of the great vine at Hampton Court, which has this season yielded 600 bunches of grapes.

The vine is more than 150 years old, having been planted in 1768. It is, however, by no means unique for its age, for some of the vines in the Rhine valley in Germany and in the wine country in France date back 400 or 500 years.

It was a happy thought that prompted the Hampton Court authorities to allow this year's harvest to be sold to the public for the benefit of the blind soldiers of St. Dunstan's. Most of the grapes have been eagerly bought at 6s. a basket, and all the baskets have been made by the blind men of St. Dunstan's.

HISTORIC HARVEST

Plant the Ancient Britons Used

In the country round the Fens men and women are now gathering the woad harvest.

Years ago, before William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey, the juice of the woad was used by the Ancient Britons to stain their bodies; today it is still cultivated by a few people, who now use the juice for dyeing clothes.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

THE TRAVELLING FARMER

Father and Son Who Died in
the Hour of Their Triumph

DEAN COLET'S GOOD IDEA

Sept. 11. Arthur Young born in London . . . 1741
12. Francis I of France born at Cognac . . . 1494
13. Charles James Fox died at Chiswick . . . 1806
14. St. Chrysostom died at Comana 407
15. Brunel the Younger died at Westminster 1859
16. Dean Colet died in London 1519
17. Walter Savage Landor died in Florence . 1864

Arthur Young

ARTHUR YOUNG, a son of a Suffolk clergyman, mixed up farming with journalism and authorship about farming till he became perhaps a more prolific writer on that subject than anyone who has ever lived. He gained a reputation throughout Europe as an agricultural expert; yet he never made farming profitable to himself. That was because he was a pioneer in scientific farming experiments, and, of course, had to try various ways toward success.

Now, when agricultural science has advanced far beyond what he knew, Arthur Young is remembered chiefly by his descriptions of the tours he made on horseback to observe farming and the condition of the people in the United Kingdom and France.

His French tours remain particularly interesting because he travelled France shortly before the Revolution, and has left striking word-pictures of the state of the people which led to that upheaval.

The close of Young's life was pathetic. He almost worshipped his youngest daughter, and when she died, at 14, the light of his life seemed to go out.

Brunel the Younger

ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, named Isambard from his French father and Kingdom from his English mother's maiden name, was one of the greatest English engineers at the time when railways and steamships were being rapidly developed, when huge bridges had to be built, tunnels made, and docks constructed. In all these works Brunel the Younger was conspicuous.

As a young man he superintended the boring of the Thames Tunnel, designed by his father. Later, on his own account, he made the Box Tunnel of the Great Western Railway, and planned the great bridges of Clifton and Saltash. It was, however, in the designing of ships that he was most prominent. His Great Britain and Great Eastern were accounted wonders. He it was who brought the screw-propeller into use. He was a bold and ingenious worker and a generous-minded man.

Both Brunel and his father died of apoplexy immediately they had completed great enterprises—the father when the Thames Tunnel was finished, and the son when the Great Eastern was launched—a rare case of two great figures leaving the world in the hour of their triumph.

Dean Colet

JOHN COLET, Dean of St. Paul's and son of a wealthy Lord Mayor of London, was an active promoter of education and learning in the early Tudor period.

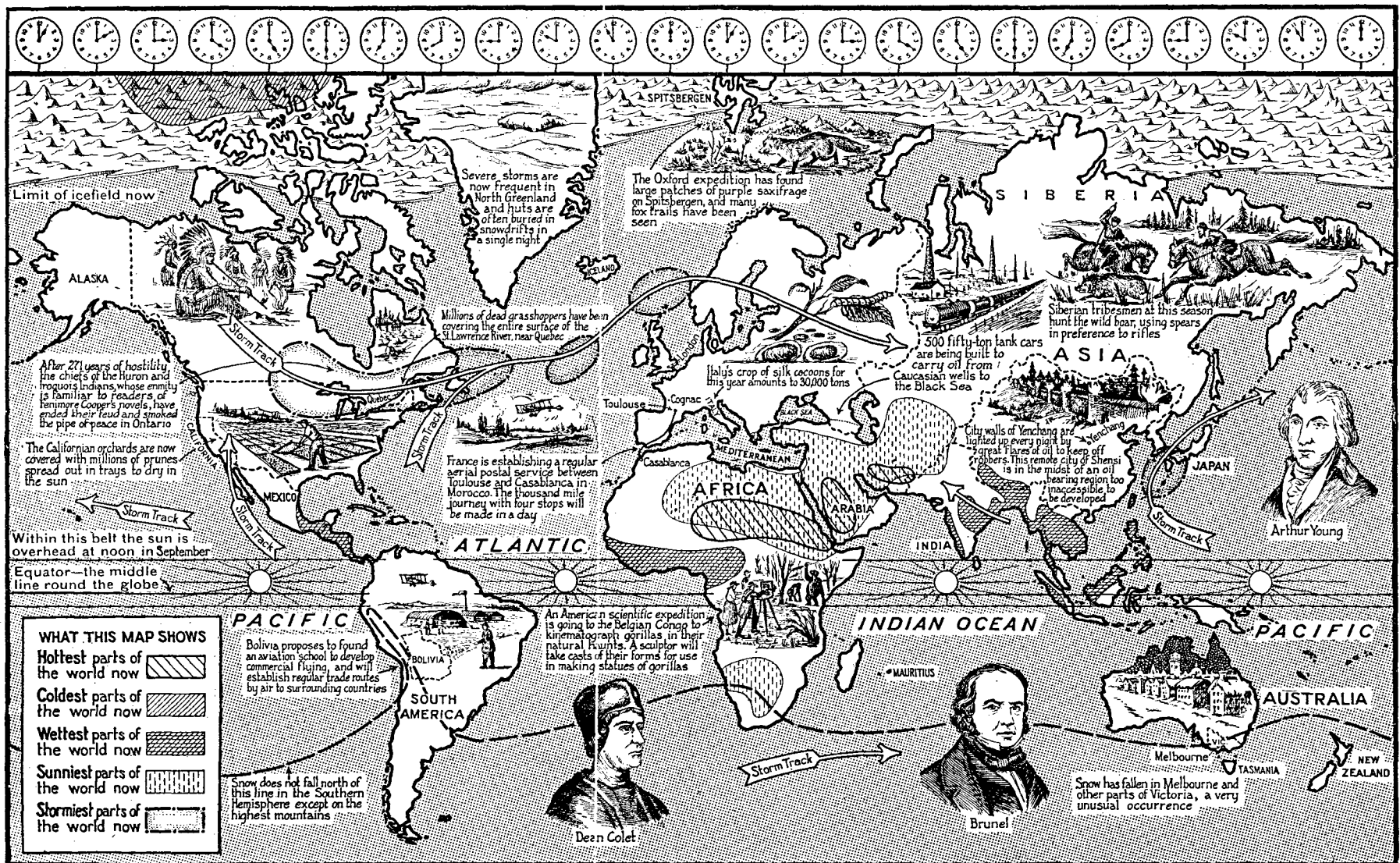
A lover of learning, he pursued his studies on the Continent after leaving Oxford University, and came into touch with some of the most vigorous spirits in the movement for reviving a knowledge of the literatures of Greece and Rome. Erasmus was his intimate friend.

Colet's most lasting monument is St. Paul's School, which he founded and endowed to serve the City of London.

He left the management of the school to the Mercers' Company, and asked that "married citizens" should be chosen for the duty, thus helping to take education out of the hands of men who lived secluded lives, removed from the world's practical business.

Colet was a bold preacher, and at times in danger as a reformer, but he was too strong a man to be safely persecuted.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



LOOK TO YOUR WATCH Why the Spring May Break in Summer

It often happens during thundery weather that the mainsprings of watches break, and this fact has been put down to all kinds of electrical reasons.

Careful experiments which have just been made have shown that the reason is very simple; it is merely the combination of warmth and moisture that we get in hot and thundery weather.

A great many watch-springs, if examined with a microscope, would be found to be affected in one or more tiny spots with rust. This rust will not spread in ordinary weather, but with both heat and moisture the speck grows rapidly—sufficiently, at any rate, to cause the spring to break. A layer of oil on the surface of the spring is the only sure remedy.

THE LITTLE SERMONS A Book for the Preacher

One of the gratifying uses of the C.N. to which many of our preacher friends make reference is as a treasure-house of illustrations for their children's addresses, or little sermons, that now are such a pleasing feature of many services of worship.

Ministers and teachers, who are so often called upon to give these little sermons, will be glad to have their attention drawn to the admirable volumes of Children's Great Texts, lately issued through Messrs. T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh, by Dr. James Hastings.

Dr. Hastings needs no introduction to any minister or teacher; his Standard Dictionary of the Bible and Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics are known to all students whose outlook on morals and religion is at once broad and conservative. And his new volumes of texts for children's sermons are an excellent example of his selective genius and his attractive treatment.

900 PICTURES OF WILD LIFE

Gallery of Australian Pictures

The Australian Government is considering the purchase of a collection of paintings of the wild life of Australia and New Guinea by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, an artist of Victoria.

Mrs. Rowan has travelled over the wildest parts of Australia, New Guinea, and North and South America in search of native birds and butterflies, and has made a beautiful picture of every specimen she saw. In every instance she has been careful to obtain an accurate botanical likeness. Her work has been so thoroughly carried out that in New Guinea she succeeded in painting 45 out of 52 varieties of the bird of paradise.

Altogether 600 pictures of Australian flowers and 300 of New Guinea butterflies, birds, and flowers are included in the collection, and £6000 and a grant of land in New Guinea will probably be the reward offered to the artist.

THE NUT STEALERS Squirrels Turn Bandits

In the canton of Argovia, in Switzerland, squirrels have become so numerous and destructive that it is quite possible that rewards will be offered for their destruction.

The squirrels have attacked orchards and robbed them of their unripe fruits. Unlike human beings, they waste the pulp of the fruit and eat only the kernel.

It is even reported that the squirrels enter the houses in their search for food, and eat the various kinds of nuts stored for the winter.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Brunel	Broo-nel
Cognac	Kohn-yak
Herodotus	He-rod-o-tus
Vaudois	Vo-dwah

MAJESTIC INDEED Marvels of a New Ocean Liner

The White Star Line quadruple screw steamer Majestic is on the verge of completion. Nothing like it has ever before been laid down in a shipyard.

The Majestic is intended for trans-Atlantic traffic between Southampton, Cherbourg, and New York, and will be the largest vessel afloat. There are 450 fire-alarms, three long-distance wireless stations, anti-rolling tanks to keep the vessel steady, the loftiest dining-saloon ever built in a ship, a library of 4000 volumes, and three great "public halls," all on the promenade deck.

In order to provide sufficient food for one voyage the Majestic will carry about 25,000 pounds of fresh meat, 48,000 eggs, 26,000 pounds of vegetables, and 31,000 pounds of milk. Majestic indeed!

WHAT A MOUSE KNOWS Odd Story of Cunning

A Swindon reader sends this illustration of the cunning of mice.

Being overrun with mice we sought to exterminate them with poison, spreading it thickly on bread and placing it on a shelf.

Next morning the edges of the bread that had no poison on had been nibbled.

The morning after that the bread had been turned over and eaten, except for a thin layer beneath the poison.

GREY-HEADED WAGTAIL A Rare Bird Comes South

A Hertford reader reports seeing a grey-headed wagtail by the river-side there, and wonders if other readers have seen this sprightly and beautifully-coloured bird.

It is not a common bird anywhere, but it cannot be called rare alongside the streams of the North, and it comes South in winter under stress of weather.

No British bird has a more graceful loveliness. Every bird-lover who has traced the streams toward their hilly sources knows it north of the Midlands.

ADVENTURE OF A HUNDRED BIRDS

How they Found Themselves in a Prison Cell

A very unusual occurrence took place not long ago in the suburbs of Vienna during a severe thunderstorm.

A local policeman was surprised to find under a tree a large number of sparrows, apparently dead. He counted over a hundred, and, picking up one or two, found them to be still warm.

Unable to fathom the mystery, he obtained a basket and, gathering up the birds, took them to the police station, where he locked them in one of the cells. The next morning he was startled to find the birds flying about and the basket empty.

When the kindly policeman sought an explanation he was told that the sparrows had probably been sheltering from the storm when the tree was struck by lightning, the birds receiving an electric shock and falling unconscious.

We do not know whether this explanation fits the case, but we give the story as it comes from Vienna.

GROWING BY JERKS A Discovery About Plants

Among the many experiments recently carried out in plant growth one of the most interesting is that showing that plants grow by jerks.

A recording instrument has been made which will mark on a chart a movement as small as a millionth of an inch, and various plants were tested with it.

The results showed that a plant does not grow continuously, but remains the same size until it jumps forward, so to speak, to a slightly bigger size, and then, after a further period of rest, gets bigger with another jerk, and so on.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 10 1921

Other People

THERE are many definitions of the word "gentleman." The humorist says a gentleman is one who can wear a clean collar without seeming to be aware of it. The scholar says a gentleman is one who would rather bear pain than cause it.

If you think about it, the basis of all good manners is consideration of other people. Without this firm basis all our manners are merely a false polish, and in danger of becoming very bad manners. Unless we are constantly thinking how our actions may affect other people we are very likely to behave no better than savages, without being aware of that disagreeable fact.

For example, people are complaining just now of the untidy state of the London parks. These beautiful oases in the midst of London's stony streets should be as beautiful as a fairyland; but what happens when a few selfish and thoughtless people throw down paper bags and orange-peel, and leave sheets of newspapers strewn all over the green lawns? Such behaviour spoils for thousands of people the beauty of the parks.

Complaints reach us, too, of the behaviour of people at the seaside. It would seem that the old idea of consideration for others has gone quite out of fashion. Holiday-makers throw stones at bottles on the sand, leaving the broken glass to cut the feet of paddling children; or they set a gramophone going in an open window and keep it up till the small hours, careless of the neighbours; or they shout and sing in the gardens of their furnished apartments as if no one next door had any ears.

None of these things is wicked, but all of them are indications of a thoughtless state of mind. Perhaps that state of mind is the chief mark of this generation. We are forgetting to try to be Christians. We are all disposed to think solely of ourselves.

Against this is all the wisdom of the ages. A selfish pursuit of happiness leads only to unrest. If we would be deeply and lastingly happy we must think of other people. If we would not be ridiculous as intellectual beings, we must never think the world was created solely for us.

Every boy knows the tremendous difference in character which separates the selfish cricketer from the cricketer who plays for his side, and it is the same in the world. The fine thing, the wise thing, the right thing, is to think how our words and actions affect the happiness of other people. The mark of the best Englishman is courtesy, and courtesy is defined as "politeness springing from kindly feeling."

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Are You a Vegetable?

LIFE is chiefly divided into two great camps—animal life and vegetable life. Have you ever thought how you can put the difference into a few simple words?

It was done on one occasion by a profound thinker who was also an amusing wag. He said that animals preferred to go in search of food, while vegetables elected to wait till food was brought to them.

This way of putting the matter is not only whimsical; it is also true. It is a great fact of observation.

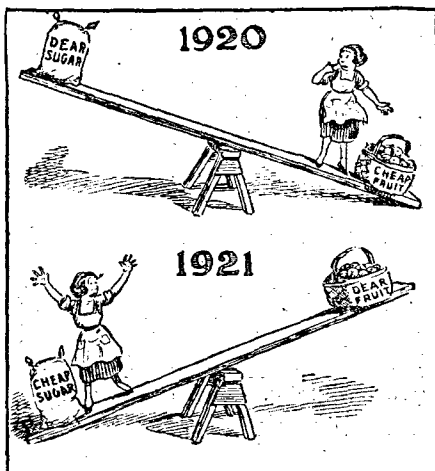
By the way, have you noticed any vegetables among your friends?

We know a man who is exactly like an onion, a boy who bears a striking resemblance to a carrot, a little girl the very image of a cabbage, and a dear old lady who might easily be taken for an artichoke.

We do not mean in face. We mean in habits. They all seem unable to get up and do things for themselves. Their life is a waiting for things to happen. They never give one the feeling that they are in search of the true, the interesting, and the beautiful.

Someone said of a certain snob who was always talking of his ancestors: "He is like a potato—the best part of him is underground."

Search for your food. Seek your destiny. Life is what we make it.



The See-Saw

The Language of the World

IT seems more than ever likely that some of us may live to see the day when English will be taught in the schools of all civilised nations.

One of the few good results of the war has been the spread of the English language, and we read that it is taking its place as the first foreign language to be taught in the schools of many lands.

We shall be delighted. We think our language better suited for universal speech than any other, either old or new, and it is thrilling to think of the thousands of millions of people who may yet come into this world to speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke and, perhaps, "the faith and morals hold which Milton held."

The Homeless Children

WE are glad to see that the Oxford Guardians have given the workhouse children a holiday in the country. But what is Oxford doing with children in the workhouse? Many years have passed, and many tragic pages have been written in our history, since this enlightened country was supposed to end this national disgrace.

Tip-Cat

MR. PIKE PEASE has "never had any difficulty with the telephone." He must be in a little heaven below.

A NAUTICAL expert notes that "there is always a swell in the Atlantic." Some dandy bathing, evidently.

DR. ETHEL SMYTH tied herself to a tree when training as a music conductor.

She wished to learn the art in all its branches.

"POSTAL rates are to come down in the New Year." Letters hope so.

LONDON, we are told, is undergoing a change of colour. It is tired of the blues.

THE hard felt hat is coming into vogue again. We should like a hardly felt one.

THE difficult thing, writes Mr. Frank Rutter, is not to paint like the Old Masters, but to feel as they felt. It is all a matter of touch.

THE Kaiser is selling his motor-cars. How nice it would be to keep one for a tour in Kent!

THERE was a young fellow whose brain Was sometimes a bonfire of pain. He would swallow magnesia, And rave of Silesia, And yell at the name of Sinn Fein.

Tired

BULGARIA, having had to abandon her conscript army under the Peace Treaty, has been trying to raise an army of volunteers, but only three hundred men have come forward.

The men of Bulgaria have had more than enough of little kings and little wars, and are getting tired.

Lead Thou Me On

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Play for the Side

By Harold Begbie

WE'RE all in the world together

For a little while or long,
Most of us weak as water,
The best of us none too strong,

And Life is the game that's set us,

And earth is our field of play,
With the sun and wind and the starlight

To cheer us on our way.

THEN why should we snarl and bellow

Who are not beasts in a den?

Why can't we pull together

And play the game like men?

A spirit of love and kindness,

With laughter pure as the air,

Would open the gates of heaven

And answer every prayer.

The Gentleman in Black

By a Correspondent in a Garden

IN a garden stands an old wooden archway built many years ago by the hands of love.

In the fulness of summer it is a blaze of colour, two Dorothy Perkins almost covering it with their prolific prodigality. At one time nasturtiums dropped down from an earth-filled box fitted into the top, but their colours did not harmonise with the pink roses, and no more seeds have been planted.

Soil exposed to sun and rain must produce growth of some sort; coarse weeds fill the box. A pair of black-birds last year built their nest in a corner of it in the early spring and reared four broods of young. At first the parent birds were very easily scared and would fly away at the approach of a human; but soon they learned that there was nothing to be afraid of and no one sought to touch the nest of eggs.

A neighbouring garden, rich in fruits and destitute of nets, provided them with food during the summer; and with the approach of winter they began to frequent the lawn in search of worms.

A Friend Appears

The male bird, with his black coat and bright yellow bill, is generally the food-getter. He looks very efficient and alert as he picks his way through the long winter grass, his beady eye always on the look out for danger.

One day he was joined by a young thrush. The gentleman in black was friendly disposed toward the lady in the spotted gown, and distinctly moved aside to let her pass at times. Rival songsters and belonging to different families though they were, he evidently wished to show his friendship in a tangible way.

Digging his sharp bill into the grass he brought up a fine, fat worm. He pecked it a little till it curled into a ball, then carried it over and presented it to the thrush. A few minutes later he went through the same performance. His good deed done, he flew back to his home in the old arch.

There is much to be learned from watching the ways of the birds. What a fine thing it would be if the different races of the earth were to offer friendship and help to one another as our little bird brothers do!



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If you can write on a motor-car when it is stationary

SHIPS CONTROLLED BY UNSEEN HANDS

HOW WIRELESS POWER IS MOVING ON

What Happened to a Battleship Without a Man on Board

NEW TERROR OF THE WAR MEN

We reported a few weeks ago the experiments made by the American Navy in controlling a battleship by wireless from another battleship five miles away, and it now appears from full reports that the experiments were entirely successful.

Without a soul on board the battleship Iowa was manoeuvred five miles distant from the battleship Ohio, and for two hours the Ohio bombed the Iowa. The distant ship, untouched by any human hand, obeyed the will of Captain Chadwick of the Ohio until she was almost out of sight beyond the horizon; the mysterious and invisible power that runs through space was made to turn the Iowa's steering-wheel, operate the fuel, oil, and water-supply valves, and start and stop the ship.

The Manless Plane

Nothing went wrong, and the army and navy officers witnessing the test were greatly impressed by the new power developing before their eyes. "Now we can bomb cities and forts with no great sacrifice of officers and men," said somebody, and the picture opened up of the possibilities of wireless control in war is truly terrible.

Our Paris Correspondent sends us a summary of a book that has lately appeared in France, describing the progress of wireless control. It speaks of a series of experiments organised near Paris in the last year of the war, when Lieutenant Manescau succeeded with a device for controlling the rudder of an aeroplane at a distance of several miles. One of the difficulties was to set free the receiving apparatus on the plane from the disturbing influence of stronger waves that might reach it from all directions; but this was successfully accomplished—so perfectly that an aeroplane could be moved on without being in the least affected by waves that were not meant for it, or by another manless aeroplane close to it.

Steering a Boat from the Air

One aeroplane in the clouds was directed for nearly an hour; the distance covered by it, without the help of a pilot either to steer or to maintain stability, was about 100 miles.

Hearing of this discovery the Minister of the French Marine interested himself in an experiment to direct a submarine torpedo, and this was also successful. Then in the month of the Armistice a boat without a man on board was controlled by wireless, not from land but from the air. Guided from an aeroplane the vessel was several times brought from a distance into Toulon Harbour, having made her way through a maze of boats deliberately put in her route.

It is now established that boats and torpedoes can be driven at a distance, and on the basis of these achievements the inventors are developing more and more powers for wireless control.

Wireless in War and Peace

The discoverer and inventor of this system of wireless control, Mr John Hammond, the son of a South African millionaire, who for a long time lived in America, has lately been awarded a grant of £50,000 by the United States Government to help with his experiments, of which the C.N. and My Magazine have reported the results from time to time.

Mr. Hammond has taken an aeronaut and trained him, in a few hours, to guide a boat, and has seen him on the same day rise in an aeroplane and control the boat from a height of 2700 yards and a distance of six or seven miles. The boat went at full speed,

THE PYGMIES COME ON TO THE KINEMA

AFTER 18 months in the wilds with the pygmies of Congoland, a Belgian missionary has returned to civilisation, bringing with him 35,000 feet of kinema films. They show the daily life and habits of these tiny people in their native sanctuaries, and so form a link with days of five thousand years ago.

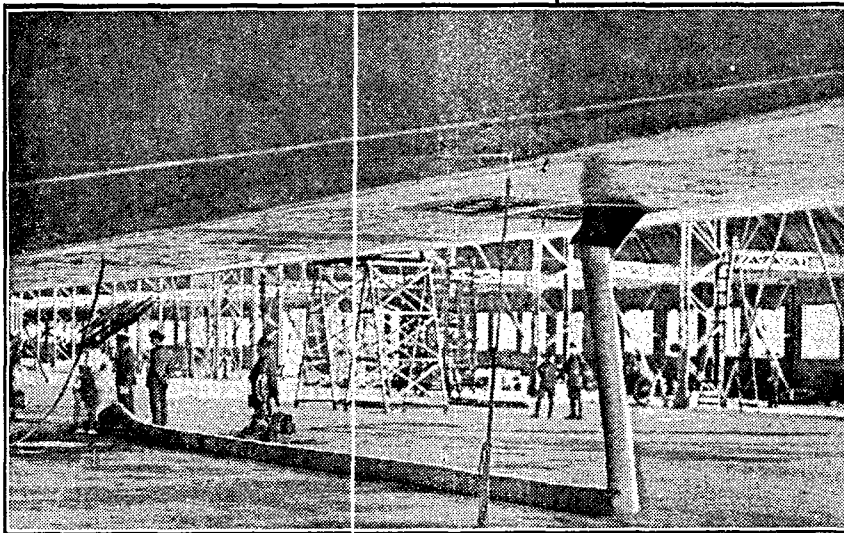
From the time of Herodotus, who died over 400 years before the dawn of Christianity, down to the time of Livingstone, the world did not believe in pygmies. Old Herodotus told us of them in his writings, but he was not regarded as trustworthy.

But note the hazardous fortune of truth. It took the modern world some

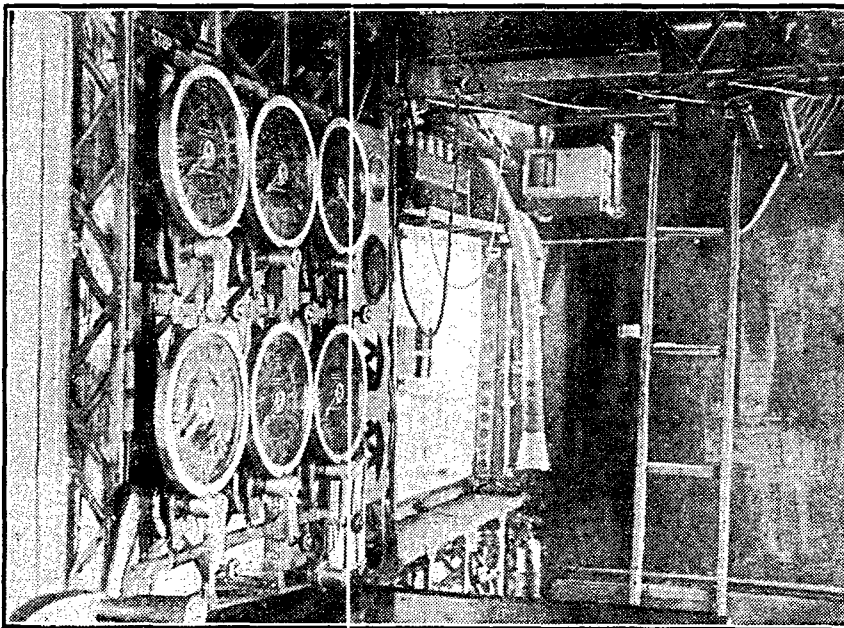
23 centuries to learn that Herodotus was right; yet pygmies had been enshrined in civilised art for nearly 26 centuries before Herodotus was born. Perfect carvings of pygmies have been found on tombs at Sakkarah, near Cairo, dating from 3000 years B.C.

No one was able to interpret them until Stanley's stories of his discoveries in Pygmyland were made known. Then the writings on the Egyptian tombs, and in the pages of the old Greek historian, were made plain, and now, at last, the little people have been filmed in the wilds of their native land, living as they lived 5000 years ago before the existence of Britain was known to history.

THE TITANIC OF THE CLOUDS



The Captain of the R 38 watching the airship fill with the gas that burst into flames above the Humber



The nerve-centre of the R 38—the instrument room

The R 38, which fell on fire into the Humber with its crew of 49, was the biggest airship ever built, and its destruction on the eve of its departure for America recalls the terrible doom of the Titanic, the biggest ocean vessel, which sank to the bottom of the Atlantic just as it was expected to arrive in America. See page one

starting off from Gloucester Harbour, U.S.A., making its way among ships and buoys, and reaching its destination without any mishap. Nine times out of ten the manless ship could hit a mark even without moving very quickly.

The aviator worked without any trouble, controlling the ship as easily as if he had been on board, with one hand managing the aeroplane and the other controlling the distant boat.

From a hundred points of view this extraordinary invention may greatly transform our lives, but in war—should the war men succeed in bringing about another war—wireless control would enable an army to inflict appalling torture on mankind. Unmanned aeroplanes would fill the skies; mysterious explosions would break out everywhere; the most terrible things could be accomplished without any risk to those who did them; aircraft would move at speeds we can hardly realise.

Photographs and films would be taken from the skies without the aid of any man save the one directing operations from a safe point below.

But there will be abundant uses for the wireless power in peace. One of the earliest advantages will be in the transport of mails, for it is expected that aeroplanes will reach a speed of 400 miles an hour. At that rate a letter would take

Marseilles to Algeria	2 hours
Cairo to the Cape	20 hours
Paris to Madagascar	30 hours

In the study of the weather, also, enormous advantages will be realised. Meteorologists have already considered the possibility of sending up into high altitudes chemical elements likely to break up water-laden clouds and hasten rain; and wireless control of automatic torpedoes may yet work wonders in desert places by inducing rain to fall.

WONDER OF THE GRASS

HOW THE LONG DROUGHT REVEALED THE PAST

Ruined Walls of Centuries Come Peeping Through the Earth

MARVELLOUS TENACITY OF THE SOIL

Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower, sang Wordsworth; but if nothing can bring back the splendour of the grass, the splendour of the grass can bring back, in one respect at least, the glory of the past.

Writers of stories about treasure hunting have invented all manner of surprising clues to their hidden wealth, but there is a scientific clue in our lawns and pastures more romantic than anything they have imagined.

Lesson of the Great Drought

Grass is employed in the Bible as the emblem of a brief, uncertain life. All flesh is as grass, we read. The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away. Yet grass outlasts the works of man and tells us of his vanished splendours.

It is the drought which has forced home the lesson to the minds of those who did not already know. Droughts have often revealed, through the drying-up of waters, the foundations of the old lake-dwellings that our forefathers built thousands of years ago, and we ought now to have new testimony from this source. But at the moment we have a surprising tale of the turf to tell.

One of the things it has done has been to reveal the complete outline of the old priory of Silkstead, at Compton, near Winchester. The ancient building was destroyed during the abolition of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth, and it has passed from the memory of man.

Patterns on the Lawn

Grass grew over the site, and has been there for centuries, but the effect of the Great Drought has been to bake and burn the general body of turf in the vicinity, and to mark with a still deeper brown the grass which overlies the old walls. There, for every discerning eye to see, is the site of the abbey clearly outlined, as if a skilled architect had traced it on the lawn.

That is by no means the only evidence forthcoming from this silent witness of the pastures. The outline of old Roman villas has been shown; the shortness of corn and other crops in cultivated fields has revealed the sites of dwellings long since banished from the surface. Multitudes of circles, broken by brief gaps, show where soldiers in training had their tents. The London Zoo, which in 1911 had temporary paddocks for the animals of the King's African collection, reveals on its lawns today the marks where the sheds and fences and hurdles for these creatures stood for a few months ten years ago.

Soil's Tenacious Grip

How can all this be? The explanation is that when a building has been raised on walls or foundations sunk in the ground the soil becomes permanently altered. The solid foundation affects the drainage, it keeps down moisture which would reach the surface from unmixed soil, and at night it keeps in the heat which would radiate away to the air from the earth. Frost will settle on these colder patches in the ground, while surrounding areas escape. Where a building has been the conditions are less congenial for plants, so that drought deals a severer blow at the ill-nourished grass reared over man's handiwork, and corn grows less sturdily. Marvellously tenacious is the grip of the soil on ancient marks.

So the grass can tell the tale of the past, whether of a few months' occupation or of two thousand years gone by.

HISTORY OF A HISTORY

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A BOOK

How it Has Been Published After Forty Years

STORY OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE

On the West of Africa, where the coastline takes a large bend, is the Bight of Benin. In the country inland from the Bight there lives an ancient people called the Yorubas.

Some of them are Mohammedans, some Pagans, some Christians. One of the Christian pastors, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, who had a great love for his own people, took 20 years to prepare a history for them of their own land. Why should they learn in their schools of Greece and Rome, he asked, and not know of their own land?

It took him a long time, for the author had to learn many stories, not from books, but from living men. One greatly honoured patriarch of the Church had been in his youth a soldier, taking part in the tribal wars, and he had stirring tales to tell; and other elderly men had other stories of things they had seen. It was a long time before the book was ready, but at last it was sent across the seas to England in 1899. Nothing more was heard of it.

Re-writing the Lost Book

In 1900 a doctor in Lagos, a brother of the author, was in England, and called upon the publisher, only to learn that the book had been lost and could not be found; and in the following year the author died, so that he never lived to see his book.

But his brother took the notes and rough copies, and went to work upon them. As he is a doctor he is a busy man, and it took him many years to re-write his brother's book. But at last he, too, finished his work, and once more, on January 2, 1916, the book was sent to England in the steamship Appam.

Now, in 1916 ships had not only to run the risk of storm; there were enemies waiting on the sea and under the sea. The Appam did not reach England, and once more the book was lost. Everyone thought that the ship had been sunk by a submarine, but most fortunately it had not.

After Forty Years

Two years afterwards the book was delivered at the printer's. The ship had turned up again in America; it had been captured by a German raider, the Moewe, and the cargo had been taken to America.

Among the cargo on the ship was the book, and once more the book came to England. But paper was very dear and the book could not be printed, so back again it went across the seas to Lagos. Now, however, better times have come for this much-travelled history of the Yorubas, and at last the manuscript has been printed and published.

It has taken more than forty years to carry out the task of the faithful pastor who loved his country, but the work is done at last.

COW AS PROTECTOR

A Stornoway Story

A Stornoway reader sends an account of how a cow acted as the protector of a girl.

One morning, on the Lewis moor, a girl, as was the custom, left the sheiling in charge of a heifer and a cow. Half an hour after the occupants of the sheiling heard a scream, and, climbing a ridge, saw the cow furiously charging.

What had happened was, as the girl afterwards reported, that the heifer had suddenly charged her, knocked her over, and pinned her down. When the cow, then some little distance away, saw what had happened, she rushed forward, charged the heifer, and so enabled the girl to free herself.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Only one-third of the world's population is white.

An American film of an English story puts Big Ben on the Tower of London!

Turf treated by a patent process is being used as a substitute for cork in Bohemia.

Our Chinese Scholars

There are 250 Chinese students in England, and ten times as many in the United States.

A Hero Indeed

A man with two wooden legs has just saved two people from drowning near Gilbert, Minnesota.

The Crowded Schools

There are no vacancies for six or eight years at many of our public schools, such as Winchester, Eton, and Rugby.

Unconscious for Months

A boy at Louisville, in Kentucky, has been unconscious since the last week in March, and his case is said to be a record.

A Correction

By a slip we mentioned Greater Serbia the other day as part of Czecho-Slovakia. It is, of course, part of Jugo-Slavia.

A Stupendous Majority

Out of every hundred voters 96 voted for Feisal as King of Irak, or Mesopotamia. Few elected men have ever had such a majority.

Thirty Hours to Africa

It is hoped that an aeroplane service will soon take travellers from England to Morocco in thirty hours instead of six days, as now.

A Fortune for Sunday-Schools

Henry John Heinz, whose name is on millions of pickle jars all over the world, has lately died and left £1,122,000 for Sunday-schools.

Ugly

The Underground Railway Company has refused to advertise a very ugly play now being performed at the Little Theatre in London.

Forest Fires in India

A quarter of a million acres of forest have been burned in India, chiefly by incendiaries. Much of it will take over twenty years to replace.

Wrong Side of the Road

A boy has lost his scholarship because his parents moved to a house on the wrong side of a road, and so passed outside the London school area.

The Shaftesbury Society

The Shaftesbury Society last year gave away over 30,000 garments and pairs of boots, and entertained 110,000 poor people at winter treats.

A Sort of Umbrella

At a meeting of the City Council in Goulburn, New South Wales, a member put on the table a mushroom measuring over a yard in circumference.

Shoes from the Ostrich

A year or two ago shark and porpoise skin became much used for shoe leather. Something still better has now been found—the skin of the ostrich.

How to Stop the Mosquito

The authorities of Hayling Island are pouring paraffin on pools and ponds as a safeguard against mosquitoes, as suggested in the C.N. not long ago.

The Conquest of Noise

During experiments in America a bullet three inches long has been driven through a sheet of steel with a noise no louder than a typewriter's click.

A Town's First Motor-Car

The first motor-car ever seen at St. Moritz aroused great curiosity the other day. Hitherto motor-cars have not been allowed in that part of Switzerland.

A Joke at Haddon Hall

Schoolboys visiting Haddon Hall the other day were delighted to be introduced to the Duke of Rutland and to be addressed by him, until it transpired that the duke was not at home, and that one of the boys had dressed himself up as his Grace.

ANIMAL LIVING IN A PLANT

Discovery by a French Naturalist

NEW KNOT IN THE STRANGE WEB OF LIFE

From a Professor's Chair

A very curious thing has been discovered by a French naturalist—that some of the common spurge have microscopic animals living inside them.

Spurges are well known for their white juice, which schoolboys use for burning down warts, and it is in this "milk" that the microscopic animals live. The milky juice occurs in long tubes, really branched cells, which penetrate the whole plant, growing as the plant grows.

As for the milk, it is a bit of a puzzle. It is a complicated chemical mixture, partly of waste products like poisons, partly of reserve products like fats.

Strange Relatives

A study of the milk of some spurges shows that it is swarming with a microscopic animal called leptomonas, which drives itself along by means of a flexible lash at one end. Now this animal turns out to be a first cousin of certain disease-causing microbes that occur in man and insects, causing, for instance, what are called tropical sores.

It seems strange that virulent microscopic animals which cause disease in man should have a near relative living in the milk of the spurge; but a clue is perhaps found when we ask how man is infected by the virulent microbe.

It is not quite certain, but it seems to be by the bite of some insect. In the case of the spurge the plant is infected by the bite of a plant bug in which the microbe in question is at home. The plant bug which is represented in Britain feeds on the milk of the spurge, and infects the plant.

The curious feature of this new knot in the web of life is that the active, virulent animal should be able to live and thrive right in the interior of a plant.

PICTURE OF A SOUND

University Tries a New Device

By a Scientific Expert

An instrument has just been installed at University College, London, by means of which pictures can be taken of the sound waves produced in speaking, with such perfection that the differences of the vocal sounds in different languages can be recognised.

If a certain note is struck on the piano and played on a cornet the note will be the same in each case, but we all know how different the quality of the note will be. The quality of a sound depends on the shape of the waves which travel through the air, and the records made by this instrument, the lioretograph, show the actual character of the sound wave, so that the quality between the pronunciations of the same vowel in different countries, for instance, can be readily seen.

The lioretograph itself is an instrument for enlarging the grooves in gramophone records. If words in the Chinese language are to be studied someone would speak in Chinese, and a gramophone record would be made. The enlarged grooves in the record would give unusually great motion to the needle, and this would actuate a recording instrument that would draw the vibrations on a photographic film.

In many languages we are still at a loss to account for the differences in tones and the length of the vocal sounds, and it is hoped, with the aid of the new instrument, to make much fresh progress in the study of speech.

TWO SNAKES AT ONE RAT

Remarkable Zoo Event HOW ONE SERPENT SWALLOWED ANOTHER & GAVE IT BACK TO LIFE

By Our Natural Historian

A remarkable thing has lately happened at the London Zoo, where two snakes selected the body of the same rat for dinner. Biting their way forward, their heads met.

The snake which made the next bite accidentally gripped the head of its fellow, which was pointing toward it; and then the inevitable happened. It could not eat its way backwards, for a snake cannot do that owing to the shape of its teeth; it had to eat its way forward. Little by little it drew the snake and the rat onward into its mouth, and went on eating a reptile as large as itself as calmly as a rabbit nibbles up a lettuce leaf.

Happily, before it became necessary to decide the great problem how six feet of snake could engulf another six feet of snake, a keeper popped into the house. There, protruding from the mouth of the swallower, was a remnant of the swallowed, some few inches of tail.

Keeper's Feat

The keeper seized the vanishing vestige in his hands and pulled. The swallower's jaws were widely separated, and the victim of this snake drama was slowly drawn back into daylight. In spite of its amazing experience it was quite unharmed. It still had the body of the rat in its mouth, and, after being rescued from its extraordinary situation, it coolly completed its meal by eating up the rat. Both snakes are quite well today.

The snakes in this case were non-poisonous indigo snakes; such a thing would not have been possible in the case of one of the poisonous snakes. Their fangs, lying parallel to the jaws when the mouth is closed, assume a perpendicular position when the jaws open, but the fangs are sharply curved, with the points projecting backward like a sickle, so that nothing which enters the mouth can return. The indigo snakes, however, have only small teeth, slightly recurved, so that it was possible for the astute keeper to perform his remarkable feat.

HIGHEST MASONRY ON EARTH?

Tokio's New Tower

The highest masonry structure in the world has just been completed at Tokio. It is a wireless tower 670 feet high.

The new tower is seventy feet higher than the tallest chimney hitherto constructed, and over three times as high as the Monument that commemorates the Great Fire of London. It is built of reinforced concrete.

At the base this great hollow tower is nearly 55 feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers as it rises till at the top it is only four feet in diameter. At 132 feet from the ground it is 45 feet in diameter, at 264 feet it is 24 feet across, and at 528 feet it is 14 feet across.

The walls of the tower are 33 inches thick at the base, but diminish as they rise, and at the top are only six inches.

FINDING LOST RIVERS

How Coal Helps to Bring them to Light

One of the many products of coal-tar is fluorescein, a dye so strong that one part in forty million parts of water will give a colour that can be clearly seen. It is now being used for tracing underground rivers and streams. A small quantity of the dye is put into the water at the point where it vanishes underground, and the surrounding country is then searched for water of a corresponding hue.

The exceedingly small amount of dye that is necessary makes this method of tracing hidden water quite harmless to fish and other river life.

GREAT BATTLE IN THE GARDEN

Spider that Leaps on Its Prey

STALKING ITS VICTIM LIKE A RED INDIAN

By Our Country Correspondent

The hunting spider is now to be seen stalking its prey on fences and old walls.

The hunting, or zebra, spider, which at this season may be found on garden walls and fences creeping up to its prey like a Red Indian, generally passes unnoticed as it is so small and dingy that it is difficult to distinguish it from its surroundings.

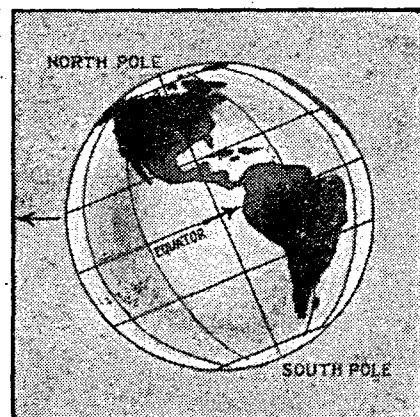
It is a most interesting creature, however, and belongs to a large group of spiders known as the jumping spiders, because of the way in which they secure their food. Garden spiders entangle their victims in webs, wolf spiders run them down, but the jumping spiders, of which the hunting, or zebra, spider is the most familiar British example, stalk their prey cunningly and patiently, and then leap upon it before it can fly away.

The hunting spider is about a quarter of an inch long, and when we find one any amount of patience will be rewarded in watching its movements. In some crevice of a tarred fence or brick wall it waits perfectly still, until a fly or other insect alights. Then, taking full advantage, like a scout, of every inequality, it gradually creeps nearer to its victim, all the time working round to the back of the creature.

So warily does it approach that the victim rarely escapes, and when the spider considers that it has come near enough it suddenly leaps forward, and the fly is caught. Occasionally it miscalculates the distance, and jumps too far, but it does not fall from the wall or fence, for as it crept forward it paid out a single line of thread, which at intervals is fastened to the fence.

The hunting spider makes a good pet. Two well-known naturalists, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, who made jumping spiders their special study, kept one which they trained to jump from one hand to the other, and in this way it used to leap eight inches. A pair of these spiders used to play hide-and-seek with one another in a most amusing way.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 p.m. on any day in September as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Draw a little earth to the roots of leeks. Plant out successions of lettuce in sheltered situations, and tie up plants as they become fit. Another sowing of hardy sorts may now be made. Take up and store potatoes. A small sowing of radishes may be made.

Pot fresas, hyacinths, narcissi, tulips, crocuses, and other bulbs for spring blooming. Proceed with the propagation of hardy border plants by taking the young growths and inserting them in sandy soil in a cold frame.

Violets for winter flowering should now be in their permanent positions.

A HORSE—A HORSE!

Why a Dutch Island Took a Holiday

CHILDREN WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A HORSE BEFORE

An extraordinary thing has happened in Holland. A public holiday has been proclaimed in one of the islands of the Zuyder Zee, near Amsterdam, to celebrate the first appearance there of two horses with a mowing-machine.

Hitherto horses had been quite unknown on the island, and the authorities felt that the appearance of the first horse was an event calling for some unusual celebration. A public fête seemed most fitting, and so August 8 was proclaimed as a holiday in order that full honour might be done to so epoch-making an event. The Kaiser's arrival in Holland created far less stir than these two horses on Marken Island.

The island, on account of its light-house, is well known by sight to all tourists going by steamboat from Amsterdam to Groningen. Its inhabitants, mostly fishermen, continue to wear a picturesque form of clothing.

It seems very strange that till a week or two ago there should be any part of Holland where horses were unknown. Some of the children had never even seen a horse.

Will They Grow Smaller?

It will be interesting to see whether the horses born in Marken become smaller and smaller until they are more like ponies. That has invariably happened where horses have been taken to an island and allowed to multiply. We see it in the case of Shetland ponies, and the horses introduced into the Falkland Isles in 1764 have deteriorated in size and strength until they appear to be developing into a race of Falkland ponies.

The two horses just taken to Marken, while they have made a considerable stir, have not created the sensation that the first horses taken to South America caused.

The natives there had never seen such creatures before, and when the little body of Spanish cavalry suddenly appeared and charged at the Battle of Tabasco the native army was dumbfounded, supposing rider and horse to be all one. No doubt it was some such fear at the first appearance of horsemen in Europe that gave rise to the idea of centaurs, creatures half man and half horse, so familiar in the Greek sculptures.

The handful of horses at Tabasco turned the tide of battle, as they did on many other occasions.

EIGHT YEARS ON AN ISLAND

The Only Englishman There

There has lately arrived in London a man who for eight years has lived one of the loneliest of lives for a Briton. He is Mr. R. E. Davies, a native of Bristol, who now resides on a blue lagoon in the South Pacific.

There are 400 natives on the island of Raroia, with a priest and two other traders, who are Frenchmen. The island is half a mile long and only eight feet above the sea.

Mr. Davies finds the natives intelligent. They are bronze in colour and strikingly handsome, especially the women. The women pay as much attention to dress as European women, and in their cotton costumes of many colours are jealous of one another's appearance.

Singing and fishing are the chief hobbies of the islanders. They sing all day, and have a fine ear for music.

Many kinds of fish are caught on Raroia, and Mr. Davies states that he has often caught 300 or 400 at one sitting, some of the fish having all the colours of the rainbow.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

How Do Grubs Get into Pea-pods?

Generally parasites of this sort emerge from eggs laid by the parent in the flower which precedes the fruit.

Does a Captive Lark Sing by Instinct?

One would think so, but when their cages are in the open air they may sing to attract the attention of happier larks in freedom.

Is it Possible to Grow Blue Roses?

There is a climber, with a scent like honeysuckle, which is popularly called a blue rose, but there is as yet no blue standard or bush rose.

Does Dry Weather Kill Humble Bees?

Dry weather itself would not do so, but the recent drought has destroyed so many growths upon which humble bees feed that the insects might starve.

Are Sea-anemones Animals or Fish?

Both fishes and sea-anemones are animals in the scientific sense of the term, but sea-anemones are not fishes. Sea-anemones are animals little removed from the plant kingdom.

Has a House-fly Vocal Chords?

No; the buzzing of flies is caused, apart from the hum of the wings, by the rapid vibration of tiny chitin processes situated near the internal opening of the spiracles, or breathing-tubes.

Which is the Biggest Tree in the World?

The Australian eucalyptus, with a height of almost 500 feet, is the tallest, the Californian sequoia, 200 to 400 feet, being next. As to length, there are seaweeds of 600 feet, and climbing canes, or rattans, 900 feet long.

How Many Teeth Has a Snail?

The number varies in accordance with species and habit. A common form, *Helix aspersa*, has about 15,000; but there are Mediterranean species of the same order in which the number is estimated to be as high as 750,000.

Which Butterfly Feeds on Carrion?

It is the gorgeous purple emperor, and not, as a trick of memory caused the writer to state, the red admiral, which delights in foul food. One has known purple emperors to be seen, a dozen at a time, on carrion set as a bait in a wood.

How Much Does a Horse Eat in a Day?

A heavy horse is allowed about 17 pounds of mixed oats and maize, with 10 pounds of hay; a hunter 12 pounds of oats, two pounds of beans, and seven or eight pounds of hay; a cavalry horse 10 pounds of oats and 12 pounds of hay.

Can a Cuckoo Alter the Colour of its Eggs?

No, that is impossible. A cuckoo always returns to a nest of the same species of bird as that in which itself was hatched and reared, and its own eggs resemble those of such a bird. No cuckoo lays eggs in the nests of two or three different species of birds; all its eggs go to nests of birds of one kind.

How Long Do Fishes' Eggs Take to Hatch?

The time depends upon temperature. In warm water the eggs of a salmon hatch in five weeks, but in cold weather a period of over 21 weeks may be required. In favourable circumstances the eggs of a sprat hatch in three or four days, but as to the bulk of the sea fish we may take it that from 12 to 14 days have been occupied in bringing the fish from the egg to the larval stage.

Can an Oyster Kill a Man?

A native pearl diver on the Australian coast some time ago had his hand gripped by the shell of a large oyster, and, being unable to release it or detach the shell from the rock, he was drowned. Such a thing, however, does not often happen. Many other very interesting facts about the pearl oyster are told in the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—for September, now on the bookstalls with this paper.

VENUS NEARING NEPTUNE

MYSTERY WORLD WITH UNKNOWN GASES

Nearest and Farthest Planets Draw Together

MOON THAT TRAVELS THE OTHER WAY ROUND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Tuesday morning next the planets Venus and Neptune will appear to approach one another so closely that were Neptune visible to the naked eye he would seem almost to touch Venus.

Only about one-sixth of the Moon's apparent width will appear to separate these planets, Neptune being this distance below Venus. An ordinary telescope or good field-glasses will reveal Neptune if he is looked for before dawn, when he will appear like a faint little star, not quite below Venus at that early hour but slightly to the left of underneath.

The radiant Venus is easily found in the eastern sky at early dawn, far outshining every other orb.

Planets Passing One Another

In a powerful telescope the sight of these two worlds will be very impressive, for the nearest and the farthest of the planets will then appear close together, or in conjunction, as astronomers say when planets approach near to and pass one another on the same celestial meridian of longitude, as it were.

This so-called meridian is an imaginary line running due north and south like terrestrial lines of longitude, and divides the celestial dome into 24 sections.

The sections are measured off into hours, minutes, and seconds of arc, not of time. This measurement is termed the Right Ascension of the celestial body, so, as in this case, when both Venus and Neptune are in the same hour, minute, and second of Right Ascension, they are then in conjunction and apparently at their nearest.

Venus now appears gibbous—that is, the same shape as the Moon when it is between the first quarter and full.

Earth's Big Brother

Neptune is actually very much larger than Venus, being 34,800 miles in diameter, while Venus is but 7,700, or almost as large as the Earth; and, while our world is but 25,000 miles round, Neptune's circumference is 110,000 miles, and he is large enough to hold the material of 85 Earths.

The great difference between their apparent, as compared with their real, sizes is, of course, accounted for by the great distance of Neptune, 2800 million miles away, whereas Venus is at present but 120 million miles from us.

Neptune is a very weird and mysterious world, utterly unlike our own except that it possesses a solitary moon, as far as is known almost the same size as ours, but revolving round Neptune the reverse way to ours.

World that Shines Green

The Sun must appear to Neptune as no larger than Venus does to us when at her nearest, but immensely brighter. It has been calculated that the Sun's light on Neptune is equal to 687 full Moons; this light takes about four hours to get to Neptune from the Sun and the same time to get back to us.

Neptune appears to be a world with a very dense atmosphere, containing some gases with which we are quite unfamiliar and which cause him to shine with a greenish hue. They are probably very light gases, the same as, or similar to, the mysterious gas called nebulae, the chief element in the greenish nebulae.

It is not likely that the existence of the Earth could be known to the Neptunians, if any existed, because, the Earth being so small and always appearing so close to the Sun as seen from Neptune, it would be impossible to know that our globe was here, without the most powerful telescope. G. F. M.

A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by
GEORGE
GOODCHILD

CHAPTER 51

The Awakening

THE Professor had had the shock of his life.

It was the rat cage that had caught his eye. One of the creatures had surely moved!

He caught hold of the cage to extract it, and let it go with a cry of pain. Something had gripped his finger.

His hair—what little still remained—almost stood on end.

Blank astonishment leapt into his face. There was no doubt about it; the three rats were alive, and were nosing round the cage with extreme hunger manifest in their lean bodies and gleaming eyes.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated. He rubbed his eyes. Was it an illusion? Was he going mad?

He looked up at the canary. It was still lying on its side. He opened the door and took it out.

"Yes, it's dead," he muttered. "Of course it's dead."

But no sooner had he uttered the words than the bird quivered and opened an eye. He put it back into its cage, trembling like a leaf.

When he looked out of the window astonishment literally knocked him backwards. He saw John, the handyman, coolly pushing a wheelbarrow down the garden-path.

He collected his senses together and ran out.

"John! John!" he cried. John touched his hat.

"Must have overslept, sir," he mumbled. "Sorry! Shan't happen again. Looks as though them toadstools have had their day. I thought they couldn't last; too quick a growth."

Rumminger seemed suddenly to go mad. He dashed up the path and into the house. The house-keeper was rubbing her eyes. He caught her by the hand and laughed madly.

"Where's my hat—my hat?" he cried.

He found it and jammed it on his head, then, with a wild laugh, he went out into the street, whooping like a schoolboy.

In Robert Breckneck's garden three figures sat huddled up in the corner of a seat. The sun, high in the heavens, was wrestling with the slight frost that was in rapid process of evaporation.

The two girls stirred slightly, and the movement awakened Tom into consciousness. He opened his eyes and blinked. Then he looked at the radiant face of Ida, with her two arms round the smiling figure of Joan.

He sat bolt upright and opened his mouth in speechless amazement. For the space of a minute he strove to piece together the events of the preceding days. Why was he sitting on this seat on a chilly February day, and what was Ida doing there with Joan in her arms? It all came back to him slowly, and with it a great wonder.

He turned to Ida, to find her eyes fixed full on him.

"Ida!" he gasped. "The great miracle has happened!"

Joan opened her eyes.

"I dreamt that Tom was here," she murmured.

Then she saw Tom and snatched at his arm.

"And so you are! Isn't that wonderful?"

"I—I suppose we are really alive, and not in the—the next world?"

Joan laughed merrily and jumped down from the seat.

"I'm alive, anyway!" she retorted.

"But last night—what happened last night? Or was it last night?"

"I remember," said Joan; "we came out to look for you, Tom, and we felt tired, and then we went to sleep."

"I thought it was something more than sleep," said Ida. "Does it mean it was all a hoax, and that there was no such thing as the poison cloud? There certainly was a strange—"

She stopped and stared at the decaying fungus and withered plants.

"It was no hoax," said Tom. "We passed through the gas. Look at what it did to the plants."

The evidence before their eyes was sufficient to remove any doubts. The plants had apparently died from the Argon gas, and yet they were alive and well.

"I believed a miracle would happen, and it has," said Ida.

"Look! There's Uncle Bob on the verandah waving, and Rolf and Mrs. Chudd!" cried Joan.

They all got up and ran toward the house. Ida clasped her mother round the neck, and kissed Rolf, much to the young gentleman's embarrassment.

"So we've been hoaxed, after all," said Robert, with a smile.

"Hoaxed!" retorted Tom. "We've been saved by a miracle!"

Robert stared.

"It's everywhere. It killed the fungus. Look at the chrysanthemums; most of them are dead to the roots."

"It is very strange! Hello, who is this?"

An excited figure came running towards them.

"Why, it's Rumminger!" ejaculated Tom. "Isn't he in a hurry? You've never met him before, have you?"

Rumminger didn't wait for introductions. He grabbed Tom by the arm.

"What fools we have been! What fools!" he cried.

"What! You mean there was no danger, no gas cloud?"

"Gas? I should think there was. For fifty hours we have been hurtling through it. You won't have to seek far for evidence of that."

"Fifty hours!" gasped Rolf. "You mean to tell us we have been asleep for fifty hours?"

"You have been under the most astounding life-preserving anaesthetic for nearly three days," retorted Rumminger. "But for that there wouldn't be a soul now alive on this earth. Where we made our mistake was in misinterpreting the function of the fungus. It wasn't intended to bring death; it was the antidote."

"The antidote!"

"What else? It is the most stupendous thing that ever happened. Think of it! The Martians have saved us from total annihilation."

They could not fail to see the logic of this. The facts were so clear. If anything were needed to vindicate science here it was. The linking of planets was an established fact.

"It's going to alter everything," said Rumminger. "We are about to learn the most astonishing things from these marvellous planetary beings. Every scientist will be half crazy today."

To prove his assertion Gellett appeared, wild-eyed, and almost speechless. He dropped his professional antagonism, and gripped Rumminger by the hand.

"It's your triumph, Rumminger—yours! We were blind up to the last moment. But an antidote from Mars! What man in his senses

would have dreamed of such an amazing thing?"

"We have to start on new lines," said Rumminger. "We have to start again as pupils, taking lessons from our masters up there."

Gellett mopped his brow.

"The wireless communications were wonderful enough; the finding of a vegetable emanation as an antidote was more wonderful still. But the greatest mystery of all is this projection across thirty-five million miles of space of the vast cylinders containing the spores. What was the propelling force?"

"We shall find out when the new station is opened," said Tom. "The new instruments will reach them better than the one we built up on Mount Cap in Riobamia."

"It may be some force long known to the Martians, the intricacies of which may be beyond our earthly intelligence. We may be too dense even to grasp the fundamental principles."

"I think not," said Gellett, grimly. "We'll grasp them—or end our days in a lunatic asylum."

CHAPTER 52

Mars Again

THE months passed away. Spring gave place to summer, and the events of February, if not forgotten, had at least lost their novelty. Joan had gone back to school, and Tom had resumed his work at the Breckneck factory.

The full account of the Martian miracle appeared in a book under Gellett's name.

No longer did these things seem extraordinary to the general public. They accepted the Martians as near neighbours, and showed no great excitement at the news that the giant station on Ben Nevis, equipped with Tom's improved apparatus, would soon be working.

The world of science, however, was humming with excitement. Gellett and Rumminger were now bosom companions, and were carrying out experiments jointly.

Smorton and his fellow chemists were working on the absorbing problem of resolving matter to the primitive ether from the complex formula given in that first wonderful message by the Martians.

But they found difficulties which drove them to distraction, and pined for the time when communication would be established with the distant planet.

The Dragon-Fly had been fitted with the new apparatus, and was ready for anything. Henderson, who was now its owner, was thinking of using her for long-distance mails, but he hesitated, for some reason known only to himself and a few others.

In August Tom and Robert went down to Devonshire for a well-

earned rest. Joan was home on holiday, and Rolf was resting, and at the same time considering the acceptance of a good post he had heard of in India.

All the hideous fungus had gone from the garden. All over the country it had been piled in heaps and burnt for the purpose of fertilising the land. No sign remained of the great visitation.

The harvest was in course of being gathered, and the farmers averred it was the best for twenty years.

The giant station on the Scottish mountain would settle for all time the value of Tom's invention, and it was not without a little anxiety that he waited for the crucial test.

Already he had repaid Robert the money that was owing, and, in addition, had made improvements to the old house.

It had been a surprise for Joan. She came home, to find the garden more beautiful than ever, and the rather tumble-down house looking like a mansion, but with all its ancient beauty still retained.

"Tom, you darling!" she exclaimed. "But what a lot of money you have been spending! Can we afford it? That piano must have cost a small fortune!"

Tom laughed.

"And mind you play it," he retorted. "Practise before breakfast; no waltzes or ragtimes, you know. Real practice—scales and exercises."

"That all sounds very uninteresting," she pouted.

Just then Robert came into the room, chuckling with glee.

"The greatest joke in the world!" he said. "You remember the American skipper we met in Brisbane?"

"The captain of the Arkansas?"

"Yes. What do you think he has done now?"

Tom shook his head.

"He has discovered Riobamia."

"What!"

Tom stared and then laughed.

"The news has just come through," said his uncle. "He found it from the Peruvian side, and the first thing he did was to send his marvellous news out to the world. He doesn't even know of its name yet; but it's Riobamia, without a doubt. He talks of a wonderful city set in a verdant valley, rung round with a swift river."

"By Jove!" cried Tom. "Won't he have the surprise of his life when he gets into conversation with them? I'd give anything to be on the spot."

"I expect he is having the surprise at this very moment. Poor Hendrik! It's hard luck!"

Tom was thinking deeply.

"It's harder luck on the Riobamians," he said. "He is not likely to have the fine feeling of Henderson or Bradshaw. He'll go back to America full of the news, and Riobamia will be thoroughly Americanised before we can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"It was inevitable," replied Robert. "It had to be discovered—it was only a matter of time."

It was later in the day when Robert received a wireless message from far-away Peru. It was eloquent in its brevity.

"You are some hustler. Hendrik."

And then, two days later, the great news came to Tom. The station on Ben Nevis had at last got into communication with Mars, and messages of the greatest interest and importance had been received.

Following the newspaper announcement came Gellett, who had actually witnessed the reception of the messages.

"It's perfectly wonderful," he said. "Mars was a terrific distance away. It took nearly half an hour to get any reply to questions; but when they came they were as clear as though they had come from London. Rumminger will be here soon. I came by aeroplane, but Rumminger hates them."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Five-Minute Story

The Haunted Springs

IN an Algerian village near Tunis the quaint white Eastern houses are built in a square round a square fountain, bordered with beautiful tropical plants and palms, and spouting hot water continually.

A little distance from the village the traveller is presented with a wonderful sight.

From the brow of a hill glorious terraces of rose-coloured stone descend in a stairway from the blue sky to the scorched desert below. There are wreaths and columns of vapour ascending, and jets of fountains playing into pools of pale emerald water so hot that eggs could be boiled in them.

But for all its beauty the spot is weird and threatening. Our feet rang hollow on the parched ground, underneath which a constant rattling was kept up, like the drawing to and fro of heavy chains.

"Some terrible thing has happened here, I am sure," said someone as we came to a halt. "I can feel that this place has got its story."

"Of a surety," the guide replied. "Else why should the springs be called Hammam Meskoutine, which in your own tongue means the Accursed Baths? If you will look but yonder," and he pointed to where some twenty low stone pillars stood in a straggling group near the steaming pools, "I will tell you their story."

"Many years ago there was a great Arab sheikh who desired to marry a maiden related to him in the degrees forbidden by the Koran. He was a powerful and headstrong man, and he married the maiden. But when he came to lead his bride home, as the custom is here, the marriage procession had to pass by the hot springs of Hammam Meskoutine."

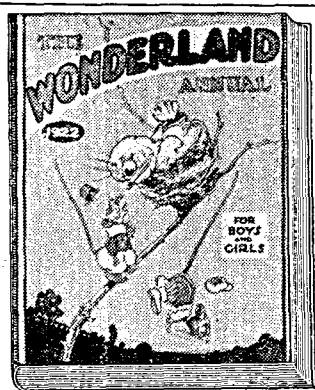
"Heaven was angry at the sheikh, and delivered him and all who followed him into the power of the Djinns and Afrits who haunted this place—ay, and whom we can hear even now muttering beneath the earth's surface and rattling their chains."

He stopped and shuddered ere he went on.

"As the wedding procession drew near the earth trembled and shook. Boiling water spouted up from the ground on every side, and fell upon the party, changing them all into the pillars of stone that you see yonder. Years ago, my grandfather said, the figures were rose-coloured, like the terraces above, but time has changed the tint to brown."

We looked at the pillars with new interest. Legends and fairy tales about people turned to stone statues are common in all volcanic countries, but in this case there seemed something strangely life-like in that arrested procession.

Who could say what lay behind the old guide's tale?



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DR. MERRYMAN

A MAN just returned from his holiday was entertaining some friends with tales of his fishing exploits.

Describing one particular fish that he said he caught, he finished up with, "It was a whopper; you never saw such a fish!"

"I don't suppose you did either," replied one of his candid friends.

Saving Time

AN American who was a great hustler always signed his letters as shown here.

Wood

J

Mass.

What was his name and address?

Solution next week

The Social Scale

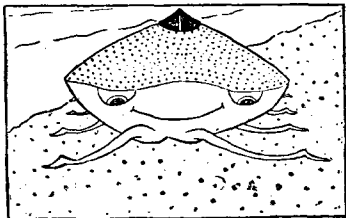
"YES, sah," said the old coloured man, "de first yeah, when I give fifty dollahs to de church, dey call me Mistah Richard Johnson, Esquah; de second yeah times was bad, an' I couldn't give no moah than 25 dollahs, an' dey call me Bruddah Johnson; de nex' yeah I couldn't give nuffin, an' dey called me ole Niggah Johnson."

Catch Question

WHICH sail of a yacht is called a mainsheet?

The mainsheet is not a sail but a rope attached to the lower corners of a mainsail.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Nin

THIS is a Nin. Upon the sands Maybe one day you'll find it. It has eight feet, but has no hands. Pass on. You need not mind it.

WHAT is the difference between an angler and a dunce?

One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

Do You Live in Lime Street?

THIS name, familiar in many towns and cities, marks the spot where the lime-burners used to work in the old days.



The Escapades of Johnny Crock

SAID Johnny Crock to Mrs. Cat, "Please come to my house. I'm worried all the night and day By horrid Charlie Mouse."

So Johnny Crock and Mrs. Cat Sat down by mousie's hole; But Charles, the mouse, with sudden spring,

Jumped right upon the stool, Then he sprang on Johnny's back, And ran from nose to tail, And scuttled down another hole Behind the kitchen pail.

A Tall Story

A DIMINUTIVE broker of Brighton Was anxious his stature to heighten.

Twice a day, after tea, He would hang from a tree, And frighten the babies of Brighton.

What Is Wrong in This Picture?



Test your powers of observation by finding what is wrong in this picture.

Answer next week

How to Get Down

"IF you were at the top of the church spire on the back of a goose, how would you get down?" asked Mr. Rogers of his wife.

Mrs. Rogers thought for some time and then said she should try to slide down the lightning rod.

"No need to do that," said Mr. Rogers. "If you wanted to get down, the best way would be to pluck it off the goose."

WHY are weary people like bicycle wheels?

Because they are tired.

The Best Doctors

THE best of all the pill-box crew, Since ever time began, Are the doctors who have most to do With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again, And praise them as I can; There's Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue. "I know you well," says he; "Your stomach is poor, and your liver is sprung;

We must make your food agree." And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist, And he gravely shakes his head. "Now, now, dear sir, I must insist That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me, Of all the pill-box crew! For he smiles and says, as he takes his fee,

"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

On One Side Only

A LADY one day asked the Archbishop of Bordeaux what he thought of paint—the paint on a woman's face.

"Some curates allow it," she said. "Some do not. What is your idea on the subject, Monseigneur?"

"For me," answered the witty prelate, who liked average opinions, "I allow it on one side."

What Word Is This?

FIRST a thousand write down plain; Half of two, and then again Fifty; and a third of one. If you this have rightly done You'll see with pleasure An English measure.

Solution next week

WHY is a violin like the Bank of England?

Because notes issue from it.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is This? LOVE

Decapitations

Mend, end; thank, hank; praise, raise

What Birds Are These? Crane and diver

Who Was He?

The Loyal Patriot was John Hampden

Jacko Finds a Job

JACKO was thoroughly enjoying himself in the car. When they were going quickly, and he considered it safe, he flung off the rug, and sat up boldly and stared about him.

"I wonder where he's off to now," he said to himself at last.

The car had run without a stop for miles and miles, but Jacko had long given up worrying about how he was to get home again. The young rascal was in no hurry to get home—not he!

At last they came to a big town. The driver slackened speed, and presently stopped outside a shop.

Jacko, whose head went up and down like a jack-in-a-box, popped down again.

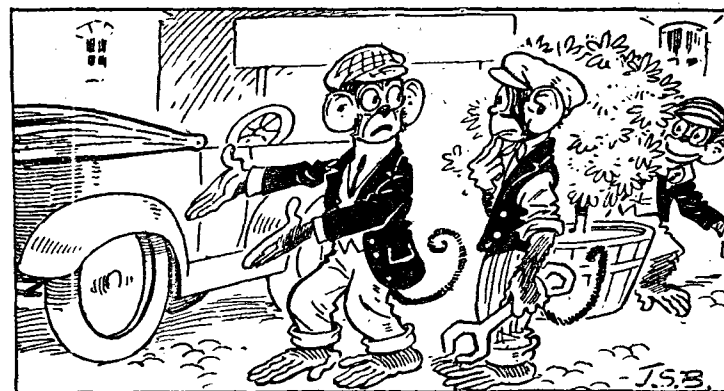
Soon he heard the man come back. He threw something into the back of the car—plump on Jacko's feet—got up in his seat, and drove away.

Jacko wondered what he had been buying. He stretched out an arm and pulled the parcel to him.

"A tin!" he said. "Coo! Green enamel. And a paint-brush! I reckon he's going to paint the car up. It wants it."

Just then they swung round a corner into a quiet road, and pulled up in front of a house. The driver got down, strode up the garden path, and disappeared inside.

Jacko waited, expecting every moment that he would come out again. But he didn't. As a matter of fact, he was having



"Just look!" he shouted. "A pretty mess, isn't it?"

tea in the back garden with his friend. Jacko didn't know that. All he knew was that he was getting tired of waiting, and growing hotter and hungrier every minute.

When he couldn't stand it any longer he threw back the rug and sprang out. As he jumped he caught his foot in the paint-pot and sent it flying. He picked it up and gazed at it thoughtfully.

"If he wants his old car painted," said Master Jacko, with a broad grin on his face, "I guess I'll save him the trouble."

He opened the lid, caught up the brush, and set about it right away.

"Think I'll be a painter when I grow up," he said, presently, jabbing his brush into the tin and slapping on a thick layer of enamel. "It isn't half a bad job. Hallo! What's that?"

He stopped and listened. Someone was coming; he could hear voices, then footsteps coming round the side of the house.

He dropped the brush and ran behind a big rhododendron tub. Behind the leaves he could watch unseen.

Out came the man, whistling cheerfully. When he caught sight of the car he nearly collapsed.

"What on earth! Now, who's done that?" he cried. "Just look!" he shouted to his friend, who had followed him.

"A pretty mess, isn't it? And half my enamel gone! It'll take me a week to scrape it all off—when it's dry," he added.

After a bit he got up, still grumbling, started the engine, and drove off. His friend turned back toward the house, and Jacko, creeping quietly out, sprang up behind and hid himself under the rug again.

Ici on Parle Français



Le fort Le gnou La binette

Le canon ne démolira pas le fort
Le gnou galope dans la brousse
La binette est utile au jardin



Le chèque La flûte Le tombeau

Mon père a reçu un chèque
Savez-vous jouer de la flûte?
Ce tombeau est très ancien

Notes and Queries

What Does Élan Mean? Enthusiasm or ardour.

What is a Lacuna? Lacuna is a Latin word meaning a ditch, pitch, or lake, and it is now often used in the sense of a gap in a manuscript—something left out.

What is Water-glass? A chemical, known technically as silicate of soda, which is used for rendering some fabrics non-inflammable, and also for hardening artificial stone. Dissolved in water, eggs are stored in it, and will keep for a year or more. The water-glass fills the pores of the shell and keeps the air out.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Lily Pond

CYRIL had only been at the farm a few days when he found the lily pond.

It looked so cool and pretty.

"I'd like to pick the flowers," he said, "but I can't reach."

He stood looking for some time, and then he walked away.

A little farther on the pond opened out quite wide. At the end, under the willows, was a little boat.

Cyril gave a cry of delight.

"That's the very thing I want!" he said. "Now I shall be able to pick the lilies and give them to Mummy!"

His mummy loved flowers, and Cyril knew how she would smile and hug him when he brought them to her.

He ran round to the boat, caught hold of it, and pulled it to him.

Then he tried to jump in. But it wasn't so easy as he expected. He got one foot over the side, but, before he could get the other in, the boat moved away.

He managed it at last, and he smiled happily as he drifted slowly across to where the lilies grew.

They seemed more beautiful still as he got close to them. He leaned over and began picking them.

Suddenly he gave a cry. A bee had come buzzing up. It came much too near to Cyril's face. It wouldn't go, and in his efforts to get away from it



Cyril leaned over

Cyril leaned right back over the side of the boat.

"Buzz! buzz! buzz!" said the bee.

"Go away!" cried Cyril, trying to knock it with his hand.

The bee flew against his hair. Cyril shrieked, flung himself backwards, lost his balance, and fell with a splash in the water.

Before he had time to cry out somebody came running forward, jumped into the pond and caught hold of him, and pulled him safely out.

It was Daddie.

"You are all right, little man!" he cried, holding him close. "But, my word, if I hadn't been near! You must never, never get into a boat alone again."

And Cyril never did.

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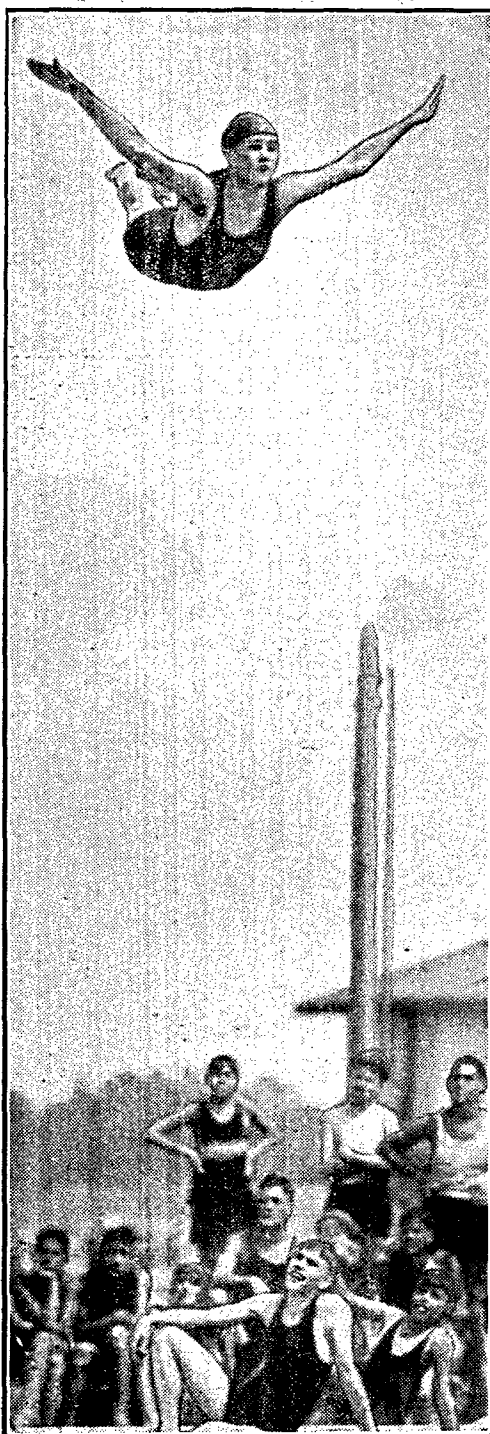
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A FINE DIVE · AIRSHIP'S WIRELESS BALLOON · PRINCE'S RED INDIAN FRIEND



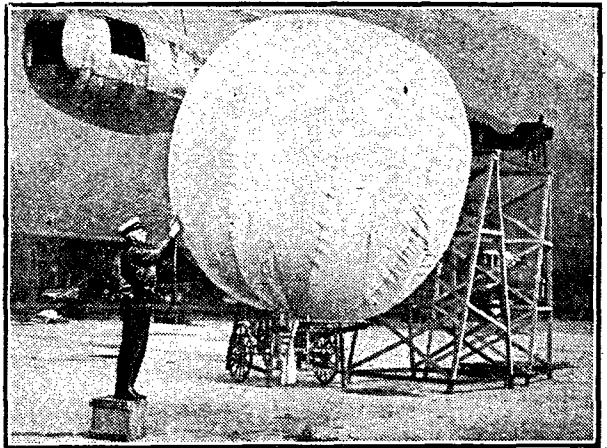
Ready to Strike—A keen North Oxfordshire batsman in the American game of baseball, rapidly becoming popular over here in England



As Graceful as a Swallow—A fine dive by a member of the American Olympic Team, Miss Alice Lord, at sports at Brooklyn, near New York



Indian Chief Calls on the Prince—Deskaheh, chief of the Iroquois Indians, asks the sentry at York House where he can find his fellow-chieftain, the Prince of Wales



Airship's Wireless Balloon—This balloon, connected with the airship's wireless, was attached to the R 38, so that the airship might keep up its wireless if compelled to alight on the sea



Dog that Lost a Train—Pedro, the faithful friend of a C.N. reader, who tried to get back to his home by following a train, but had to give up the chase. See page 4



At School in a Museum—A class of Dartford schoolchildren enjoying an object lesson in natural history in the Natural History Museum of their ancient town



Bringing in the Meal—The camping season is nearing its end, but these Chichester Girl Guides had a good time in Hampshire while it lasted, as this happy picture shows